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E P I G R A M S, A N A G R A M S, &c.

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B Y
JOSEPH FARROW, Comedian.

The SECOND VOLUME.

Y O R K:

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MDCCXXXVIII.



ST. PETER'S

PASTORAL

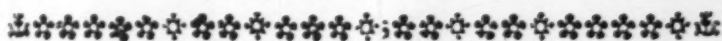
Dear friends and neighbors,
I am writing to you today
to share with you the
good news of the Gospel.

As we begin this new year,
I want to remind you
of the love and mercy of God.

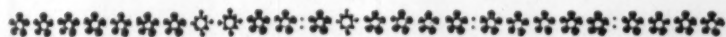
Let us strive to live
in peace and harmony
with all people.
I am yours in Christ,
Your pastor, [Name]



THE
S P R I N G.
A
P A S T O R A L.



By Mr. G R U N W I N,
AUTHOR of the L A P - D O G.



N O *Windsor-Forest*, or the Banks of *Thame*,
Enrich my Verse, or elevate my Strain;
On distant Hills, the Northern Shepherd
sings,

Not less Variety, or fewer Springs:
Thou, whose just Judgment, and extensive Breast,
Have learn'd the truest Wit, and truest Taste;
Not prone to blame, nor falsely to commend,
At once a gen'rous Critic, and a Friend;

Accept these lowly Numbers I rehearse,
 To thee the Muse presents her rural Verse.
 Now had the rosy Dawn begun to break,
 And bleating Flocks the freshest Herbs to seek,
 When *Damon* left the Slumbers of his Bed,
 And, weighing on the Past'ral Staff, he stray'd
 O'er rugged Hills, which shone with Morning Dew,
 All blithly pleas'd his Fleecy Care to View,
 Which in fair Flocks, before him nip'd the Green,
 And down below, a Valley spread the Scene,
 All in its Beauty, Nature wore the Prime,
 The Meads were gay, the Woods were green, the
 Flow'rs fine :

Charm'd with the Beauties of th' indulgent Spring,
 Thus the rapt Shepherd taught his Muse to sing :
 O charming Season ! hail propitious Year !
 Kind to the Swain, and smiling to his Care ;
 No Skies inclement to retard our Pains,
 But Plenty flourishes along the Plains ;
 We view the rising Bud, and forward Bloom,
 And joyful hope the fruitful Crop to come :
 While, with a ravish'd Heart, and thankful Mind,
 We say, 'tis Heaven that works, and Heaven is kind :
 No parching Drought diminishes the Stream,
 Or Rains excessive o'er the Meadows swim ;
 Nor angry Tempests gather in the Skies,
 Nor Winds above the Strength of Zephyrs rise ;
 But genial Gleams, by turns, with fruitful Show'rs,
 Call on the Greens to rise, and spread the Flowers :

And while we joyful view the teeming Soil,
 We thank kind Heav'n, for Heav'n is pleas'd to smile.
 See, while the rising Sun displays the Morn,
 What gay Varieties the Meads adorn;
 What charming Colours spangle in my View,
 Glow to the Rise of Day, and shine in Dew!
 In sweet Diversities the Hills arise,
 And o'er the Lawn a bright Enamel lies,
 All lov'dly thrown, confus'dly regular,
 Heav'n owns the Work, the Works a Heav'n declare.
 Those Banks which Winter naked left and bare,
 Here bloom in Flow'rs, and Verdures rise up there:
 Delightful Buds are by the Bramble born,
 And opening Roses flourish on the Thorn:
 The joyful Husbandman his Orchard sees,
 While hopeful Blossom sheets his spreading Trees;
 Fine Promises of Golden Fruit to come,
 And Heav'n indulgent nourishes the Bloom.
 See here the purling Streamlet gently flows
 Adown the Hill, still swelling as it goes;
 Now straight, now turn'd, then winding on again,
 Visits each Field, and murmurs thro' the Plain;
 While all along a blended Scene of Flow'rs
 The Margin grace, or dally with the Course:
 Nature all joy'd, laugh upward to the Skies,
 And Heav'n too pleas'd, returns us Paradise.
 Hark how the Woods, and Hedges, seem to vie,
 Which sends the sweetest Warbles to the Skie;
 With the loud Throistle, there the Copice rings,
 The Black-Bird whistles, and the Linnet sings;

Here the gay Gold-Finch chants a pleasing Strain,
 And there the lofty Lark forfakes the Plain;
 Whilst Rocks reply, and Hills repeat the Voice,
 And Heav'n, which gave, receives the grateful Noise.
 Hail, beauteous Spring! thou ever lovely Scene!
 Dress'd gay with Flowers! and mantled o'er with
 Green!

When in these Charms thou risest to our Sight,
 Our Souls are struck with Wonder and Delight:
 On bleak Winter we reflect no more,
 But view, with Rapture, what we wish'd before:
 To speak Heav'n's Power, all Nature's Works con-
 spire,
 And grateful Praises fill the general Choir.

Ye blooming Groves, where *Zephyrs* softly breath!
 Ye Beds of Primroses, which shine beneath!
 Ye Banks of Violets! Cowslips on the Plain!
 Roses in Hedges! King Cups on the Green!
 Birds in the Woods! and Larks upon the Skies!
 Say! is it not Spring that makes you all rejoice?
 Does not the Season all those Pleasures bring?
 And Heav'n! indulgent Heav'n! send you Spring!
 Skreen'd in these Shades, O ever let me stay!
 And sweetly sooth a lonely Life away;
 Still pleas'd to live, nor fearful of my End,
 The Muses my Companions, Heav'n my Friend.



The Cause of INCONSTANCY.

By a Lady of Quality.

HOW have I heard the Fair lament
Mens Falshood, and their wretched Fate?
How few are with their Spouse content,
Or constant to their sighing Mate?

How seldom Souls below are join'd,
For one another fram'd Above!
How seldom Pairs of Hearts we find,
By Heaven ordain'd for mutual Love!

Thus Mens inconstant Souls they blame,
For want of Knowledge, or of Thought,
While all this Time 'tis in the Frame
Of both our Bodies lies the Fault.

When great *Jove* made this little Ball,
For Four-leg'd Beast, and creeping Things,
At length he form'd (to govern all)
A Two-leg'd Creature, without Wings.

Millions of those he made at once,
To save himself all future Trouble,
And Men and Women, for the nonce,
By Pairs, like Tallies, he made double.

Then from *Olympus* dreadful Top,
 Well shaken in a Bag together,
 He loos'd them down, and let them drop
 Just as it pleas'd the Wind and Weather.

Some fell in *Asia*, some in *Greece*,
 In *England* some, and some in *Spain*,
 But seldom two, of the same Piece,
 In the same Climate met again.

Hence Men, when grown to riper Years,
 Rememb'ring this their former Making,
 Hunt up and down to find their Pairs,
 And Women are in the same taking.

Some prove too short, and some too tall,
 This is too big, and that too little,
 A Fault they're sure to find in all,
 For few were Tallies to a Tittle.

By chance a Pair may meet, and love,
 And spend their Time in Bliss together,
 But when they tumbled from Above,
 It must be mighty temp'rate Weather.

From hence the murmuring Fair may see
 Mens Hearts are not to blame a-bit,
 Our Souls would never disagree,
 If once our Bodies did but fit.



An ODE Extempore.

AN old Sage of late,
 Much puzzled his Pate,
 What Fruit bore that Vital Arbor,
 At the Eastward of *Eden*,
 By Angels forbidden
 To be cropt by *Adam* the Gard'ner.

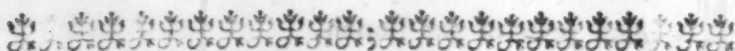
Large Volumes he read,
 And oft claw'd his Head,
 Top'd Small-Beer by Quarts to keep sober,
 Shun'd Cyder and Punch,
 And Juice of the Bunch,
 Nor sip'd of *March* Beer, nor *October*.

At length on a Day,
 His Guts swell'd with Whey,
 Confoundedly grip'd with the Cholic,
 By Advice takes a Pot
 Of Red, scalding hot,
 And, mellow'd, begun to be frolic.

When, kissing the Glass,
 He swore by the Mass,
 Eternally more to drink Port all;
 By *Jove*, wrapt out he,
 The Vine was the Tree
 Of Life, for it's Fruit makes Immortal.

Wrote by Mr. Dryden.

A Modest Poet's in as great a Fright,
 As a young Bride upon her Wedding Night;
 She starts and trembles when she sees the Bed,
 Like Criminals to Execution led,
 Alas, poor Soul! she's loth to loose her Maidenhead!
 As Boys stand shivering on the River's Brim,
 Require the Warmth and Depth of those that swim;
 She cries, to married Folks, what must I do?
 I do so shake and tremble! was't so with You?
 But yet she makes a Hardship to go thro'.

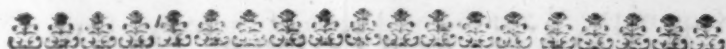


EPITAPH by Mr. Pope.

A 'T Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire,
 Near this Place, lie the Bodies of
John Hewitt and Mary Drew,
 An industrious young Man and
 Virtuous Maiden, of this Parish,
 Who being at Harvest Work
 (With several others)
 Were in one Instant kill'd by Light'ning,
 The last Day of July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment seiz'd,
 A Pair so faithful could expire;
 Victims so pure, Heaven saw well pleas'd,
 And snatch'd them in celestial Fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden Fate,
 When God calls Virtue to the Grave,
 Alike 'tis Justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike, to kill or save.
 Virtue, unmov'd, can hear the Call,
 And face the Flash that melts the Ball.



*The First Psalm Paraphras'd, by Mr.
 Alexander Pope.*

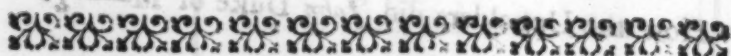
THE Maid is blest, that will not hear
 Of Masquerading Tricks,
 Nor lends for wanton Songs an Ear,
 Nor sighs for Coach and Six.

To please her shall her Husband strive,
 With all his Main and Might,
 And in her Love shall exercise
 Himself both Day and Night.

She shall bring forth most pleasant Fruit,
 To flourish still and stand ;
 Ev'n so shall all Things prosper well,
 Which this Maid takes in Hand.

No wicked Whore shall have such Luck,
 Which follow their own Wills,
 But purged be to Skin and Bones,
 With Mercury and Pills.

For why, the pure and cleanly Maids,
That all good Husbands gain;
But filthy and uncleanly Jades,
Shall rot in *Drury-Lane*.



A SONG, by a Person of Quality.

WHEN ever, *Chloe*, I begin
Your trembling Heart to move,
You tell me, 'tis a crying Sin,
Of unchaste, lawless Love.

How can that Passion be a Crime,
Which gave my *Chloe* Birth?
Those Joys must surely be divine,
Which gives a Heav'n on Earth.

You say my Love's a Crime; content,
Allow the same you must,
More Joy's in Heaven, where one repents,
Than Ninety-nine that's just.

Than sin, dear Girl, for Mercy's Sake,
Repent and be forgiven;

Bless me, and by Repentance make

A Holiday in Heaven.



A SONG made on the Burial of
John Duke of M——gh.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story so merry,
How the Upholders did *John* Duke of M——g^b
bury;

I'll tell you a Story, a Story of one,
Who, tho' he was not, wou'd have fain been K——g *John*.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' Gen'ral for Life he had been for our Sins,
And a Sovereign, instead of a Mindleheim Prince,
Death has ended the K——g, and the Conqueror's Power,
Since he could be but Gen'ral for Life, and no more.
Derry down, &c.

He's as dead as *Queen Anne*, the Day after she dy'd,
And the Dead never bite, at his Entrance he cry'd;
Yet his merry Men all, more Civility paid
To the D——g, when alive, than the Lions dead.
Derry down, &c.

There were large Bakers Hampers to honour the Dead,
And to keep an old Custom, without any Bread;
Not a Crust for the Poor, tho' the *Jacobites* say,
Now he can't eat his Loaves, he may give 'em away.
Derry down, &c.

There were Beggars by forty, for Half a Crown Pay,
And as merry as forty brave Beggars were they ;
Had there been twice as many, it must needs have
been said,

There were not one half of the Beggars he made.

Derry down, &c.

Next the Duke rode himself, clad in Armour so bright,
Which most Folks agree, was the best of the Sight ;
In a large open Chariot, made after the Plan,

That was us'd for Queen *Mary*, but not for Queen

Anne.

Derry down, &c.

With Banners so gorgeous, of Towns he had won,
By Courage, or Conduct, by Famine, or Gun ;
With a Saying in *Latin*, in Letters full fair,

Which tells us, he gain'd * this, and more, by the
War.

Derry down, &c.

He'd such Pensions, as none had before him, nor since,
And a Palace, more fit for a King, than a Prince ;
No Wonder he hated the Peace than so fore,

Since 'tis plain that he gain'd by the War this and
more.

Derry down, &c.

Shou'd the Bankers abroad tell us Tales of his Store,
We should find that he gain'd by the War this and
more ;

More than any Man knows, or perhaps ever shall,
And 'tis well if he gain'd not the Devil and all.

Derry down, &c.

* Alluding to his Motto.

'Tis pity, great pity, his Enemies cry,
 Since in War he could live, that in Peace he cou'd
 die;

Yet a Funeral S——b could never have shown,
 Wou'd have pleas'd People better, excepting her own.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' the Nobles were wanting, to make up the State,
 At the burying poor Faithful, but Unfortunate ;
 Not a Lord in the Land, but would gladly, I trow,
 Have been seen at his Grave ten or twelve Years ago.
Derry down, &c.

For Hundreds his Epitaph was to have been bought,
 But, you see, I have sung him a Ballad for nought ;
 Five Hundred the Man was to have that was chosen,
 And, if he spoke Truth, it was well worth a Thou-
 sand.

Derry down, &c.

But he's dead, and his Faults might forgotten have
 been,

Had he not led the way, by insulting his Q——n ;
 For the Show on the Second of *August* he made,
 He could ne'er make Amends, but by this Caval-
 cade.

Derry down, &c.



*A Ballad upon the Maids of Honour
having been robb'd of Four Dozen
of Smocks, as they hung drying upon
the Hedges at Kensington.*

COME listen a-while, and I'll tell you some News,
Just piping hot from Court ;
'Tis not of a Peace, nor yet of a Truce,
And yet 'twill make you Sport.
Four Dozen of Smocks the Maids have lost,
My good Lord *Gran*——*m* said ;
There's never a Maid, but rather had lost,
By far, her Maidenhead.

The Nation all its Money has lost,
The Merchants all their Trade ;
Gib——*tar* and *Portm*——*n*, to our Cost,
Are lost too, I'm afraid ;
But what are all these Losses now ?
We value them not a Pin,
For the Maids so poor, have still lost more,
For they're stript quite to their Skin.

A Maid of Honour, with nothing upon her,
Her M——y than cry'd,
Without Fig-Leaf, like Grandame *Eve*,
Her Nakedness to hide,
Shall ne'er with me abide, forsooth,
Nor in my Court appear,
For nothing, so like to naked Truth,
Shall ever inhabit there.

But if, by Chance, to take a Dance,
 Like Goddesses on *Ida*,
 These Maids should come to the Drawing Room,
 Goodluck ! what must they hide, ah !
 The P——ce to one an Apple may give,
 As *Paris* did of old,
 But, alack, poor P——ce, I fear thy Dad
 Won't allow thee the Apple of Gold.

The K——g, God bless him, now let's address him,
 For he's a gallant Lover ;
 So frank and free, gives Money with Glee,
 His Maidens for to cover ;
 For he, good Man, five Pounds a Piece
 To each fair Maid has sent,
 Of the Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds,
 That he got from his Parl——t.

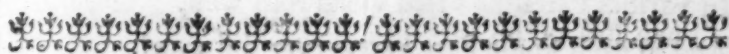


*A Copy of Verses sent to a young Lady,
 after her Marriage to another.*

SAY, dear Destruction ! say, thou heavenly Fair !
 Object of Love ! and Cause of my Despair !
 Say, shall I dare, my Suffering to impart ?
 Or, shall the hidden Grief consume my Heart ?
 Shall I with Modesty, or Love comply ?
 Shall I express my Grief, or silent die ?

Better, by far, my Love-sick Heart shou'd break,
 Better, by far, I perish e're I speak :
 But Rules for Love, by Nature ne'er was meant,
 The head-strong Passion breaks thro' all Constraint ;
 Then your just Anger for a while suspend,
 Excuse the Lover, tho' you blame the Friend :
 Receive! ah! that you would receive an Heart,
 So simply honest, so devoid of Art ;
 An Heart (if Love be Merit) that may prove
 A Present worthy you, and worthy Love :
 But Heaven, ah, cruel Heaven! has plac'd, alas!
 A Barrier 'twixt us both! we cannot pass!
 Then still persist to lead a virtuous Life,
 Be (oh! my Torture!) be a virtuous Wife!
 But yet a little you to Love may give,
 Some little Sustenance to make me live :
 Grant me to gaze upon you all the Day ;
 Grant me to sigh and wish the Night away ;
 And, if I may aspire to such a Bliss,
 Grant me, sometimes, the Transport of a Kiss!
 A Kiss so pure! so chaste! as may be given
 By pious Zealots to the Saints in Heaven!
 Grant me—but, Passion, whether do I run!
 I rush on Ruin, and wish to be undone!
 O Grant me nothing, let me not pretend
 To hope, or wish, to be call'd more than Friend!
 Disdain me! shun me! that may chance remove
 The Cause, and Object of my lawless Love :
 Lawless it cannot be! a Thing so pure!
 So far from Stain! from Vice so far secure,

Can it be Guilt? It is a cruel Fate!
 Must I resolve to die, or strive to hate?
 But 'tis the only Medicine, and I'll strive
 To cease to doat, altho' I cease to live.
 Thus the sick Wretch, who fees no Comfort nigh,
 And is at last convinc'd, that he must die,
 With trembling Hand, and broken Heart, receives
 The only Drug, that quickly kills, or saves;
 Sadly obeys the Doctor's last Command,
 Resign'd, he takes the Potion in his Hand;
 To all that's dear, a last Farewel does give,
 Takes down the Draught, tho' he despairs to live.



On Sir Godfrey Kneller, by Mr. Pope.

K *Neller*, by Heav'n, and not a Master taught,
 Whose Art was Nature, and whose Picture's
 Thought:

When now two Ages he had snatch'd from Fate,
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Rests crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
 Due to his Merit; and brave Thirst of Praise;

* Living, great Nature fear'd he might out-vie
 Her Works; and dying, fears herself may die.

* Imitated from the famous Epitaph on R A P H A E L.



*The Latin Epitaph on Mrs. Oldfield
imitated in English Verse, by Mr.
Marshall.*

Oldfield's Remains lie here interr'd, among
 The fragrant Dust of the Poetic Throng :
 Her matchless Parts to the Polite were known,
 And justly gain'd the Praises of the Town :
 She aggrandiz'd whate'er the Poets writ,
 And show'd its Beauty, Elegance, and Wit,
 In pompous State, around the Stage and Pit.
 In various Parts she acted wond'rous well,
 And in each single Part, none ever did excel.
 Her comely Form, and grave, majestic Mien,
 In all the Parts of Tragedy were seen :
 She awful looks, and graceful Gestures show'd,
 And tender Accents smoothly from her flow'd.
 No Hours were e'er mispent by our Survey,
 Nor the Spectator wearied with Delay,
 But winged Time past pleasantly away.
 And when she made selected Scenes her Choice,
 Ennobled Comedy rais'd her tuneful Voice ;
 " With native Charms, and careless Art array'd,
 " Ten Thousand Graces in her Beauties play'd :
 Melodious Music dwelt upon her Tongue,
 And charming Subjects were her daily Song :
 Not transient Views could her due Merit raise,
 Nor Claps resounding give sufficient Praise.

*To Miss E——, on her counterfeiting
Sickness.*

CHLOE fell sick—do you know why?

She got an *Indian Gown*,
So various in its Flowers and Dye,
That, tho' each Mercer's Shop you'd try,
You cou'd not get the same in Town.

But 'twas not fit for public Wear,
What should she do to show it?
She took her Chamber, with an Air
So soft, so languishing, you'd swear,
Not even *H——m* self would know it.

Upon her Velvet Couch she's plac'd,
The favourite Gown she wears,
The Windows soon with Phials grac'd,
The Doctor sent for, comes in Haste,
Prescribes, and every one's in Tears.

Resign'd for Death the Fair One lies,
Fair Hypocrite she plays;
No Mortal saw thro' the Disguise,
For Tears so dim'd each other's Eyes,
She might have play'd the Cheat with Ease.

Her Female Friends come and sit down,
They all expreis their Sorrow;
Tell all the Scandal of the Town,
Admire her Fancy in the Gown,
Depart, and vow they'll come to Morrow.

Another Set supplies their Place ;

Mark how the Cheat's discover'd !

All see the Gown, all seeing Praise,

This gave the affected fair One Ease ;

She had her Ends, and so recover'd.

~~~~~

### *The Lover's Litany.*

**B**Y the Mole on your Babbies, so round and so  
white,

By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would  
delight ;

By whatever Mole else you've got out of Sight,

*I beseech thee to hear me, Dear Molly.*

By the Kifs just a starting from off your moist Lips,

By the delicate up and down Jirk of your Hips ;

By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues out-  
tips,

*I beseech thee to hear me, Dear Molly.*

By the Down on your Bosom, on which my Soul dies,

By the Thing of all Things, which you love as your  
Eyes,

By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those when  
you rise,

*I beseech thee to hear me, Dear Molly.*

By all the soft Pleasures a Virgin can share,

By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,

By the Question I burn for to ask, but don't dare,

*I beseech thee to hear me, Dear Molly.*

*BEGGARS all-a-Row.*

*Design'd to be sung at Mr. Yarrow's  
Benefit.*

**E**ACH Man that knows the World,  
If he be ask'd, will say,  
That every one a Beggar is  
In his peculiar Way.

*So a Begging, &c.*

For every Sort of Beggary,  
We have our proper Tools,  
We have Argument for Men of Sense,  
And Flattery for Fools.

*So a Begging, &c.*

The Statesman begs a Party,  
To be his stedfast Friends,  
And tucks the Sillytonians up,  
When he has gain'd his Ends.

*So a Begging, &c.*

The Curate begs a Benefice,  
The Rector begs a Stall,  
The Dean he begs a Bishoprick,  
The Bishop begs for all.

*So a Begging, &c.*

The Patient begs a Cure,  
 The Doctor begs a Fee,  
 Th' Apothecary begs from both,  
 So Beggars they are Three.  
*So a Begging, &c.*

From Guns and Swords the Sons of Mars,  
 The Marks of Honour beg;  
 And mark how genteel is the Gift,  
 A Wooden Arm or Leg.  
*So a Begging, &c.*

The Lover begs for Pity,  
 Of Cupid's Darts complains;  
 The Nymph, with soft bewitching Eyes,  
 Begg Conquest of the Swains.  
*So a Begging, &c.*

The Lawyer begs a Client,  
 From whom he begs a Fee;  
 Which being beg'd, he begs my Lord  
 To grant him a Decree.  
*So a Begging, &c.*

The Scribler begs the Muses,  
 To aid his limping Strain,  
 But he, poor Devil, above the re-  
 Is sure to beg in vain.  
*When a Begging, &c.*



The Player begs a Benefit,  
 And if his Scheme shou'd hit,  
 O Lud! with what an Extacy,  
 He sees a crowded Pit.

*When a Begging, &c.*

No Boy with Top, or Bird's Nest,  
 Can more elated be,  
 Than He, if he observes you fill  
 Stage, Box, and Gallery.

*When a Begging, &c.*

Then since the World are Beggars all,  
 Why can't you all agree,  
 To help your Brother Beggar,  
 To a Benefit; that's Me,

*When a Begging, &c.*

~~~~~

A SONG, by a Gentleman of York.

YOU may envy the Statesman, complain of the
 Law,

The Usurer curse, with his ravenous Paw;
 You may rail at the Priest, Tyther, and the Proctor,
 But among all the Plagues, pray remember the Doctor.

Derry down, &c.

The Statesman's new Scheme may make bad Times
worse,

The Lawyer's green Bag will swallow your Purse ;
The Priest tie-you down to the Plagues of a Wife,
But the Doctor both robs you of Money and Life.

Derry down, &c.

With his Potions and Pills, and damn'd Apozems,
Emeticks, Catharticks, and all his hard Names ;
With his Blisters, and Glisters, and Nostrums to Boot,
Whenever he strikes you, he strikes at the Root.

Derry down, &c.

When he purges your Belly, and opens your Veins,
Instead of restoring your Vitals, he drains ;
His Recipes equal the Bulk of your Pelf,
And the *aurum potabile* is for himself.

Derry down, &c.

When you see him in Close Stool, and Urinal's Pore,
The Main of his Drift is to extract the Ore ;
I don't call him Cheat, my Expressions are kinder,
He rather deserves to be call'd the *Gold Finder*.

Derry down, &c.

You may curse him, and damn him, as much as you
please ;
The more he torments you, the more he's at Ease ;
But if you'd be rid of this National Ill,
The way is to force him to take his own Pill.

Derry down, &c.

Preserve me, ye Gods, from all Plagues of this Life,
 From the Usurer's Gripe, and extravagant Wife;
 Preserve me from Statesmen, the Lawyer, and Proctor,
 But of all human Plagues, oh ! keep off the Doctor.

Derry down, &c.



Epilogue spoke by Miss Copen.

HOW silly 'tis for one not yet full Ten,
 To think, so young, that she shou'd please you
 Men ;

You cannot taste what such a Creature speaks,
 Wou'd I were seven Years older for your Sakes ;
 Two Handfulls taller, a plump pretty Lass,
 Then I doubt not, my Epilogue wou'd pass.
 But, as I am, for your Applause I sue,
 Pray spare me, for the Good that I may do.
 Gallants, I better shall perform e'er long,
 Despise not a poor Thing, because she's young.
 Twigs may be bent, Trees are too stubborn grown,
 And Roses Buds are sweet, as Roses blown.
 In *China*, as I often have been told,
 The Women marry at Eleven Years old ;
 Our Playhouse is a Sort of *China* too,
 And nothing like the Stage, to make me grow.
 Tho' not the Power, I have the Will to please,
 And Will's a mighty Thing, in such a Case.

We, on this fruitful Soil, have Women seen,
 That in few Months, are grown as big again.
 O *Gemini* ! what should be the Cause of that ?
 I wonder what they eat, they grow so fat !
 We young ones know not what that Secret is,
 But, for all that, we have a plaguery Guess ;
 And I, beginning now to chatter Sense,
 Encourag'd, may divert, some few Years hence,
 Then thus to y' all, I make my fond Address,
 Excuse my Faults, accept my Will to please,
 Else may you loose your Loves, by being thrifty,
 And ne'er kiss Woman, under Nine and Fifty.

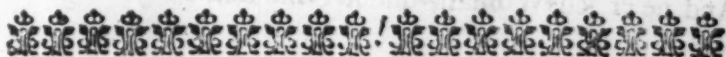


On the Death of a young Gentleman,
by Mr. Pitt.

WITH Joy, blest Youth, we saw thee reach thy
 Goal,

Fair was thy Frame, and delicate thy Soul ;
 The Graces and the Muses came combin'd,
 These to adorn thy Body, those thy Mind.
 In thee at once the softest Manners met,
 Truth, Sweetness, Judgment, Innocence, and Wit ;
 So form'd, you flew your Race, 'twas quickly won,
 'Twas but a Step, and finish'd when begun ;
 Nature herself surpris'd, would add no more,
 Thy Life compleat in all its Parts before.
 But thy few Years, with pleasing Wonder told,
 By Virtues, not by Days, and thought thee old.

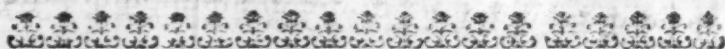
For Age, let Wretches importune the Skies,
 'Till, at the long Expende of Anguish wise,
 They live to count their Days by Miseries.
 Those win the Prize, who soonest run the Race,
 And Life burns brightest in the shortest Space;
 So to the Convex-Glass embody'd run,
 Drawn to a Point, the Glories of the Sun;
 At once the gathering Beams intensely glow,
 And thro' the strength'n'd Centre fiercely flow:
 In one strong Flame, conspire the blended Rays,
 Run to a Fire, and crowd into a Blaze.



An ODE address'd to a Lady.

FROM Wave to Wave, with Horror tost,
 Amidst this Sea of Guilt I'm lost;
 When shall my wearied Mind have Rest?
 Oh! lull me in thy peaceful Breast;
 Far from this World, so vile and vain,
 Lay me, where endless Pleasures reign;
 Where all is calm, and all serene,
 One uniform, unvaried Scene!
 Here Malice o'er Destruction smiles;
 Here smooth tongu'd Treachery beguiles:
 Ruin we court in gaudy Forms,
 Thus gilded Clouds presage the Storms;
 Thus Herbs and Flowers of various Birth,
 Paint the fair Surface of the Earth:

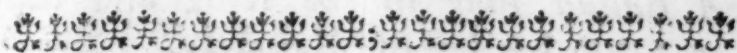
Below, and at the Centre, dwell
 Darkneſs, and all the Woes of Hell.
 With thee my Soul ſhou'd breath from Pain,
 Nor longer of Mankind complain;
 There, undiſturb'd, abſtract from Thought
 Thoſe Forms, with which weak Man is caught;
 There drink of Blifs, without Allay;
 There melt in Tenderneſs away;
 There every golden Hour improve
 In Harmony, and virtuous Love;
 There ſhelter'd, laugh at Pomp and State,
 In herſelf ſupremely great.



Strephon to Chloe in the Country.

IF e'er the tender Sigh, the falling Tear,
 The fond Deſire, or abſent Lover's Fear,
 Fair *Chloe*, did thy Virgin Breſt invade,
 And all the Softneſs of thy Sex betray'd;
 Oh! think with Pity on the Pains I bear,
 Th' uneaſy Anguiſh, and corroding Care,
 That both, by Turns, my raging Boſom ſhare,
 Whiſt I with inward Grief thy Abſence mourn,
 And breath, in ſecret, Sighs for thy Return;
 But, ah! for thy Return I ſigh in vain!
 Fruitleſs the Wiſh of thy deſpairing Swain!
 Inexorably deaf to all my Prayers,
 My Charmer ſtill the Country's Bleſſing ſhares:

But see, my Fair One, Heavenly Charmer, see
 The pendant Leaf hang withering on the Tree :
 How chang'd ! how alter'd ! from that verdant Hue,
 Which higher *Phæbus* painted to our View ?
 Observe all Nature pines and droops away,
 And mourns the Absence of the God of Day :
 'Tis so I droop, 'till thou, my brighter Sun,
 To my fond Arms, with all thy Charms return ;
 Till thy fair Presence does each Fear controul,
 And give new Life to my desiring Soul ;
 Then in the Splendor of thy Beauties Blaze,
 I lose my Pain, and, wrapp'd in Wonder, gaze.

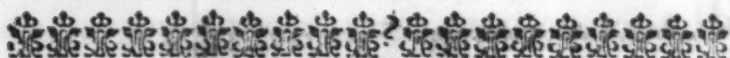


*A Copy of Verses wrote by a Young
 Lady.*

WHEN Nature fram'd *Corrina*, heavenly Fair,
 With each attractive Charm, and winning Air,
Minerva's Eloquence refin'd her Tongue,
 Charm'd in her Speech, and warbled in her Song ;
 Imperial Majesty from *Juno* came,
 Sooth'd with the Softness of the *Cyprean* Dame :
 Oh ! wou'd some other Powers employ their Care,
 To make her kind, as these have made her fair ;
 That single Act wou'd all the rest out shine,
 And make the fair Perfection all divine.

To a Lady going to Church.

GO, brightest Saint, to sacred Seats repair,
 Unlock thy Bosom, and disclose thy Care,
 The list'ning Gods will surely hear thy Pray'r.
 Fly to the Temple on Devotion's Wings,
 There join in Concert to the King of Kings,
 Divine's the Music, when an Angel sings.



*A Ballad sung in the King and the
Miller of Mansfield.*

HOW happy a State does the Miller possess?
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;
 On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at Court:
Which is better, &c.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go?
 The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a Beau;
 A Clown in this Dress, may be honestest far,
 Than a Courtier, who struts in his Garter and Star:
Than a Courtier, &c.

Tho' his Hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be
 seen,
 The Hands of his Betters are not very clean:

A Palm more polite, may as dirtily deal,
Gold, in handling, will stick to the Fingers like
Meal :

Gold, in handling, &c.

What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without Scruple, from other Mens Sacks,
In this, of right noble Examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Mens Bags :

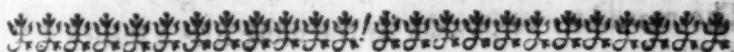
Who borrow, &c.

Or, shou'd he endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this he wou'd mimic the Tools of the State,
Whose Aim is alone, their Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill :

As all his Concern's, &c.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie,
Then rises up chearful, to work, and to sing,
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King ?

If so happy, &c.



*Prologue to The Journey to London,
as spoke by Mr. YARROW at
Spalding.*

A Country Family, for London bound,
Without a Call—goes on enchanted Ground ;

Whilst each, bewitch'd with some strange golden
 Dream,
 Fancy 'em awake, what they in Slumbers seem;
 His Worship's Place repays the Tax he's lent,
 Who might as well have thought of raising Rent!
 Her Ladyship too — wins as much at Play,
 As will the Expences of their Tour defray:
 Miss makes her Fortune, Marquis not her own,
 And Master grows a Smart, his Money flown.
 But, be advis'd—my honest country Cousins,
 Good Folks are fool'd, each Winter, by the Dozens:
 No stately Square, or airy Street, can give
 That Calm of Life, which here you safely live.
 True Elegance is not to State confin'd,
 For neither Show, nor Sound, improve the Mind;
 To liberal Arts, ye Masons! this belongs,
 Best rural Scenes besit the Muses Songs:
 Content, enjoy (with Reason) Health and Ease,
 And let improving Knowledge chiefly please;
 That cheapest bought, and best worth buying Treasure,
 Exalts your Souls, and yields a lasting Pleasure.



A Prologue, address'd to the Town of Derby.

OUR Thanks, for Favours here receiv'd before,
 We now return, and humbly beg for more:
 Use us but kindly, as you did last Year,
 And we'll please full as well, you need not fear:

Do you allow us but the Means to live,
 And we'll use our best Care, Content to give ;
 Encouragement will give us chearful Hearts,
 To please your Fancies, when we act our Parts.
 Players, like others, act with most Regard,
 Where they expect to find the best Reward :
 Fair *Derby*, it has always gen'rous been,
 And we already have your Goodness seen ;
 Therefore we pray, that Peace and Happiness
 May this fair Town, for ever, doubly bless ;
 All Discord cease, Money and Trade increase,
 And chearful Looks be seen in ev'ry Face.
 Ladies, for you 'tis our hearty Pray'r,
 That you continue long to be thus fair ;
 For no Addition can your Beauty aid,
 Nought can be mended, that's so perfect made :
 May harmless Pleasures, innocent Delights,
 For ever crown your Days, and bless your Nights ;
 May no domestic Jars, no secret Strife,
 Ever disturb the graceful Matron's Life :
 And for the Young, to *Hymen's* Bands unknown,
 May happy Wedding-Days come quickly on ;
 May present Lovers, future Husbands make,
 And then the Lover's Fondness ne'er forsake.
 As you, ye Fair, were made to conquer Hearts,
 We humbly beg you, to espouse our Parts ;
 Let us, with Joy, your Approbation gain,
 Then none, we hope, will venture to complain.

A SONG upon a Young Lady.

Tune, Black Joke.

DOWN in à Vale, in a *May* Morning sweet,
 Where two little murmuring Rivulets meet,
 And glide thro' the flow'ry Meadows away :
 The Nymphs of the Plain where all met in Green,
 To weave 'em a Garland for *Jenny*, their Queen,
 And sung thus, to shorten the Task of the Day :
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, what Nymph can compare
 With *Jenny* the blooming, the young, and the fair ?
 Her Person so graceful, so proper, so tall,
 Her Mein so majestic, she's pleasing withal,
 We justly declare her the Queen of the *May*.

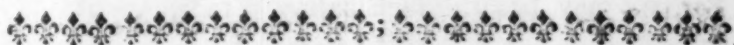
Three Goddesses once of old, it beſel,
 For Pow'r and Beauty, and Wit, did excel,
 In an Accident odd; were all met in a Flame :
 They much were divided, and cou'd not agree,
 For the Ball was inſcrib'd to the beſt of three,
 And each of them warmly ſupported their Claim :
 But, oh, oh, oh, oh, had *Jenny* been there,
 She ſoon would have ended the Strife and the Care ;
 The Pow'r, the Beauty, the Wit of the three,
 In *Jenny* united, in *Jenny* agree,
 They all muſt to *Jenny* have yielded their Claim.

The Roses and Lillies, and Nosegays meet,
The Hyacinth blushing, and looking sweet,

All faint to the Charms of her Cheeks do compare :
What Pencil can draw, or what Tongue can define,
The majestic Looks that prettily shine,

Or the musical Voice, that softens the Air ?
Joy ! oh, Joy ! to the Queen of the May,
To *Jenny* the blooming, the young and the gay ;
Flora no longer may give herself Pain,
She's gotten a Deputy fairer to reign,

For the Meadows and Fields are *Jenny's* own Care.



On MAY-DAY, translated from
Buchanan.

HAIL, happy Dawn of chearful *May* !
Sacred to Mirth, and Wine, and Play ;
To Sports and Pastimes set apart,
And the fair Graces tripping Art ;
Hail ! shining Glory of the Year !
Who in thy Turn does still appear ;
The Flow'r of new born Youth ! the Prime
Of too, too transitory Time !
When Spring perpetual first did grace
The new made World's delightful Face,
And the Age with yellow Metal bright,
From Native Virtue follow'd Right ;
The smiling Hours their measur'd Dance,
Did with such Gaitey advance ;

Such balmy Winds refresh'd the Field,
 Which waving Corn produc'd, untill'd :
 The happy Isles such Seasons boast,
 Where pining Age, and Pain are lost :
 And void of melancholly Grooms,
 Gay, sprightly Health for ever blooms.
 Such Breezes court the Trees below,
 That on flow *Lethe's* Borders grow.
 The Ghosts such Murmurs hear, who rove
 In Silence thro' the Cypress Grove.
 When purging Fires this Globe shall burn,
 And golden Days again return,
 Perhaps may breathe such balmy Winds,
 To fan the pure Ætherial Minds.
 Hail! Glory of the flying Year!
 That on thy Wings do'st Pleasure bear!
 Hail! Image of th' unclouded Prime!
 And pleasing Type of future Time!



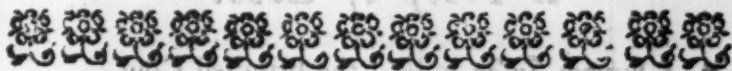
A Proof of Love.

As buxom *Susan* milk'd the brindled Cow,
 Young *Ralph* return'd from holding of the
 Plough;
 Behind he catch'd her, and cry'd out, O *Sue*!
 I love thee dearly, by this Bus I do;
 Then kiss'd her out of Breath; with wanton Joy,
 She clasp'd him round, and hugg'd the lusty Boy.

Her Cheeks with Pleasure glow, her Bubbies swell :
 Why, *Ralph* ! dear *Ralph* ! says she, I did not think,
 I did not think you lov'd me half so well.

On Demar, of Dublin, who died there
 the 6th of July, 1720, worth
 400,000 l.

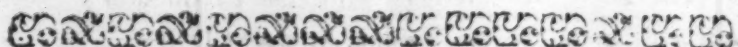
Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar, the Wealthy and the Wise ;
 His Heirs for Winding Sheet bestow'd
 His Money Bags, together sow'd.
 And that he might securely rest,
 Have put his Carcass into a Chest.
 The very Chest, in which, they say,
 His other Self, his Money, lay.
 And if his Heirs continue kind,
 To that dear Self he left behind ;
 I dare believe, that Four in Five
 Will think his better Half alive.



On Mr. Gay, by Mr. Pope.

A Manly Wit, a Child's Simplicity,
 The Morals blameless, and the Temper free ;
 Words ever pleasing, yet sincerely true,
 Satyre still just, with Humour ever new.

Above Temptation in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted even among the Great ;
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Belov'd thro' Life, lamented in the End.
 Those are thy Honours : Not that here thy Bust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust ;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive Bosoms — *Here lies GAY.*



An old Epitaph on Shakespear.

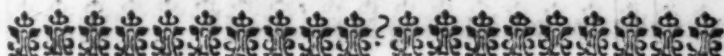
WHAT need my *Shakespear*, for his honour'd
 Bones,
 The Labour of an Age in piled Stones ;
 Or that his hallowed Reliques shou'd be hid
 Under a Starry pointing Pyramid ?
 Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
 What need'st thou such dull Witness of thy Name ?
 Thou, in our Wonder and Astonishment,
 Hast built thy self a lasting Monument.
 For whilst to th' Shame of slow endeavouring Art,
 Thy easy Numbers flow, and that each Part,
 Hath, from the Leaves of thy unvalued Book,
 Those *Delphic* Lines with deep Impression took ;
 Then thou our Fancy of herself bereaving,
 Do'st make us marvel with too much Conceiving ;
 And so sepulcher'd in such Pomp do'st lie,
 That Kings, for such a Tomb, wou'd wish to die.

An EPITAPH.

Under this Stone lies prudent Dame *Dorothy*,
Who honour'd the King, and ador'd his Au-
thority ;

A Churchman she lov'd, but abhorr'd a Dissenter,
Of Churches, and Chapels, a fervent Frequenter ;
And yet, upon Heav'n she had no great Design,
For, at Prayers, she still ogled the ablest Divine,
Having long liv'd a Maid, much against her own
Will,

And, finding her Beauty was jogging down Hill,
To avoid all the Scorns that attend on Decay,
She departed this Life on the Twentieth of *May*.
Then pray for her Soul, all ye Tygers in Crape,
Pray hard, for, I fear, it can hardly escape
From leading, in Hell, a huge, over-grown Ape. }



On a Fly, drowned in a Lady's Eye.

DEluded Fly, that thus presum'd
T' invade celestial Light ;
Bold *Phaeton*, to Ruin doom'd,
Fell not from such a Height.

You hop'd to mingle in a Flame,
 And, *Phœnix* like, expire;
 How vain was your ambitious Aim?
 How strange! to drown in Fire?

So *Icarus*, because he try'd
 To trace a trackless Way,
 Was, all at once, like you destroy'd,
 By Sun-Beams, and by Sea.

Yet happy you, who, now at Rest,
 So sweet a Tomb can boast;
 By *Chloe's* Cruelty your're blest,
 As by your Rashness lost.

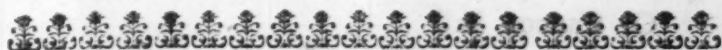
Let Lovers learn, by your's, their Fate,
 'Tis *Chloe's* Pride to slay;
Domitian like, she leaves her State,
 And stoops to any Prey.



The CHANGE.

AS Countrymen, who ne'er the Sea had seen,
 And, at first Coming, find it all serene,
 Calm, undisturb'd, the Waters lie at Rest,
 Nor fancy how the Winds the Waves molest.
 So, Madam,
 Time was, when I thought little of what now
 Hath fallen out, between my self and you:

When first within those lovely Arms I lay,
 And wish'd those Raptures never wou'd decay,
 How unconcern'd we were, without a Thought
 Of those Misfortunes, to our selves we brought;
 For raging Winds, and Calmness, don't agree,
 But different are, as Wealth and Poverty;
 Thus each Extream, to equal Danger tends,
 Plenty, as well as Want, can seperate Friends.



*Epitaph on the Duke of Grafton, who
 was kill'd at the taking Cork in
 Ireland.*

Beneath this Place,
 Is stow'd his Grace
 The Duke of *Grafton*;
 As true a Blade,
 As e'er was made,
 Or e'er had Haft on:
 Mark'd with a Scar,
 Was fam'd for War;
 Of Mettle true,
 As ever drew,
 Or made a Pass
 At Lad, or Lads:
 This Son of *Mars*
 Ne'er hung an Arse,

Or turn'd his Tail,
 Tho' Shot like Hail
 Flew about his Ears ;
 Tho' Pikes and Spears
 So thick, they hid the Sun,
 He bravely led them on,
 More like a Devil, than a Man ;
 He ne'er wou'd dread
 Shot made with Lead,
 Or Cannon Ball
 Nothing at all ;
 But a Bullet of *Cork*
 Soon did his Work ;
 Unhappy Pellet,
 With Grief I tell it,
 Thus quite undone
 Great *Cæsar's* Son ;
 A Statesman spoil'd,
 A Soldier foil'd ;
 G — d rot him
 That shot him,
 A Son of a Whore,
 I'll say no more,
 But here lies
Henry Duke of Grafton.



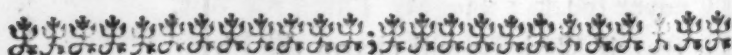
*A Prologue, spoke by Miss Yarrow, at
Five Years of Age.*

A S Infant Larks their tender Pinions spread,
 And hover o'er the Field where they were bred ;
 'Till, by their well skill'd Parents taught to fly,
 They mount, and sing loud Carrols in the Sky ;
 So I come, trembling, on the Stage,
 Afraid to trust my unexperienc'd Age ;
 And scarce dare venture on a little Part,
 Unless I've got it carefully by Heart :
 But Time will come, if Money don't fall short,
 That I, perhaps, may make you better Sport :
 I don't mean roguishly — nay ! why d'ye laugh ?
 I mean, I'll be a better Player, by half ;
 That, e'er I arrive at dear Fifteen,
 I hope I shall be fit to act a Queen,
 Or any Thing, that Virtue will permit,
 I'll never speak a naughty Thing for Wit,
 But try, if Modesty will charm the Pit :
 Then, you young Sparks, as I display my Charms,
 Will sigh, and wish yourselves within these Arms ;
 But, 'tis all one, I'll take no Pity on ye,
 Unless it be by Way of Matrimony ;
 For, if down-right Honesty won't get the Pelf,
 Papa, may e'en go act his Plays himself.



On Queen Mary.

SOME Angel, from your own, describe her Fame,
 For sure your God-like Beings are the same;
 All that was charming in the fairer Kind,
 With manly Sense, and Resolution join'd;
 A Mien, compos'd of Mildness, and of State,
 Not by Constraint, or Affectation great;
 But, form'd by Nature for supreme Command,
 Like *Eve*, just moulded by the Maker's Hand;
 Yet, such her Meekness, as half veil'd the Throne,
 Lest, being in too great a Lustre shown,
 It might debar the Subject of Access,
 And make her Mercies, and our Comfort less.
 So Gods of old, descending from their Sphere
 To visit Men, like Mortals did appear,
 Lest their too awful Presence shou'd affright
 Those, whom they meant to bless, and to delight.



On Queen Carolina.

ALready, by distinguish'd Virtues known,
 Three glorious Queens have grac'd the *British*
 Throne;
 Fair Rise of Morn, in richer Purple dress'd,
 Which gave a fourth, superior to the rest;

Whose Mind the great *Elixa's* Spirit warms,
 While *Anna's* pious Flame, and *Mary's* Charms,
 Conspire to bless a Second *Brunswick's* Arms.

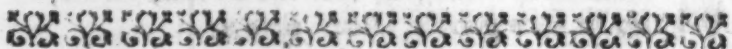


*On the Marriage of a Young Gentle-
 man, by Mr. Dodd.*

A Wake, my Muse, invoke the Powers divine,
 Implore Assistance from the Sacred Nine;
 Let every Thought around *Parnassus* roam,
 And bring the richest of its Labour home;
 In tuneful Strain, and artful Words prepare,
 To hail the Bridegroom, and his lovely Fair.

Thrice happy Youth! whose soft, prevailing
 Tongue,
 Has won the Chaste, the Virtuous, and the Young!
 What Pen, or Tongue, or Thought, can e'er reveal
 The boundless Raptures *T*— then did feel,
 When charming she did to the Temple move,
 To seal the Union of eternal Love?
 When Vows were plighted with the sacred Ring,
 And Angels seem'd your Bridal Song to sing;
 While holy Troth was to each other given,
 Prompt by the Prelate, and approv'd by Heaven:
 Thus *Hymen's* Priest, your future Bliss compleats,
 And sign'd your Passport to the Nuptial Sheets.

May all the Joys that bounteous Heaven can send,
 On you, and on your lovely Spouse, attend;
 May she, and you, in Love and Peace inherit
 That sweet Content, your Virtues justly merit;
 And may kind Heaven grant you Health and Joy,
 An hundred Years, and every Year a Boy;
 May Life be one continued Round of Charms,
 Then die, entangled in each other's Arms.

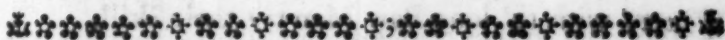


*On Sylvia's Artificial Nosegay, made of
 Sea-Shells.*

AS I walk o'er the Garden's verdant Glade,
 Where, from the Trees, a Sun-be-spangl'd Shade
 In Gold, and Purple Wavings, charms the Eye,
 And fairer makes the Spring's fair Livery;
 What heavenly Pleasures do my Cares beguile!
 How great the Joy, to see all Nature smile!
 My Breast the scented Air with Rapture draws,
 The Air, perfum'd with Jessamin and Rose.

But, ah! Reflection comes too soon a-thwart,
 And calls those Pleasures vanishing and short;
 Then melancholly musing I remove,
 To try by *Sylvia's* Side the Sweets of Love:
 When, lo! as leaning down my Cheek to hers,
 Upon her Lap, in snowy Hand appears

A Nosegay, made of Jessamin and Rose,
 As glorious as in nicest Garden grows.
 I gaze with Wonder, and then ask the Maid —
 What Flowers are those that don't at Evening fade?
 I've not in Prime of Morning ever seen
 The Rose with livlier Glow, the Leaf more green.
 Then she smil'd waggish, when I soon perceiv'd,
 How artfully the Charmer had deceiv'd.
 The Bunch was made of many a little Shell,
 For proper Size, and Colour chose so well,
 And also in such goodly Order plac'd,
 That Nature seem'd to have herself surpass'd.
 The Fragrancy alone was not express'd,
 To give it that, I fix'd it on her Breast.
 Thus *Sylvia* boasts a Flow'r that never dies;
 Does thus the beauteous Spring immortalize.



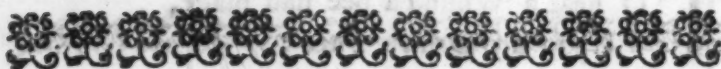
An EPIGRAM.

TO heal a Wound a Bee had made,
 Upon my *Delia's* Face;
 The Honey on her Lips she laid,
 And bade me kiss the Place;
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound
 Embib'd both Sweet and Smart;
 The Honey on my Lips I found,
 The Sting within my Heart.

An ÆNIGMA.

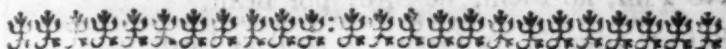
SEE here a Monster, without Sire or Dame,
 Which is, by Nature, neither wild nor tame ;
 No Fish, no Flesh, no Bird, nor Beast,
 But yet admir'd by Great, as well as Least.
 It's Head is comely, yet without a Skin,
 Or Hair, to cover it, or Brains within :
 It's Neck is graceful, yet without a Throat,
 Whereby to swallow, or express its Note.
 It's Belly, tho' capacious and great,
 Requires no Sort of Liquor, nor of Meat ;
 Yet hath it Guts, but those so very small,
 That they afford no Excrement at all :
 In fine, 'tis near a Bridge, thro' which none pass,
 Nor under which a Rivulet never was ;
 Where, with th' long Bow Men try their Skill,
 Yet not one Arrow shot for Blood to spill.

Solution, A Bass Viol.

*An EPIGRAM.*

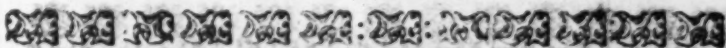
MUfick's a Crotchet the Sober thinks vain,
 The Fiddle's a Wooden Projection ;
 Tunes are but Flirts of a whimsical Brain,
 Which the Bottle brings best to Perfection ;

Muficians are half-witted, merry, and mad ;
 The fame are all thofe that admire 'em ;
 They're Fools if they play, unlefs they're well paid,
 And the Others are Blockheads to hire 'em.



SONG. *Tune, the Black Joke.*

THE more we know of Human Kind,
 The more Deceits and Tricks we find ;
 In every Land as well as *Wales* ;
 But wou'd you fee no Roguery thrive,
 Upon the Mountains you muft live,
 For Rogues abound in all the Vales ;
 The Mafter and the Man will nick,
 The Miftrefs and the Maid will trick ;
 For Rich and Poor, is Rogue and Whore ;
 There's fcarce an honeft Man in a Score,
 Nor a Woman true in Twenty Four.



A N O T H E R.

Tune, The Bonny Grey Ey'd Morn,

THIS Money that feduces all Mankind,
 For that we tempt the Seas, and brave the Wind;
 Thro' City, Country, Camp, it is the common Cry,
 There's nought to be fold, but you may buy ;

The Parson sells you Prayers, the Lawyer sells you Lies,
 The Doctor sells you Death ; he's a Fool that buys ;
 The pretty Lady sells her magick Ring ;
 The Statesman sells his Country, and his King.

A S O N G.

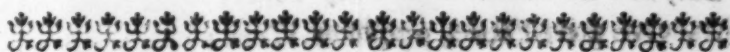
A Certain Presbyterian Pair,
 Was wed the other Day ;
 And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
 Their Pastor came to pray ;
 But, first he bid all Guests depart,
 No sacred Rites prophane,
 For Carnal Eyes such Mysteries
 Should never entertain.
 Then, with a Puritanick Air,
 Unto the Lord he pray'd,
 That he wou'd please to give Increase
 To this same Man and Maid :
 Lord, grant this Husband-Man may dress
 Full well this Vine, his Wife ;
 And like a Vine, Lord, may she twine
 About him all his Life.
 Sack-Poffet then he gave 'em both,
 And said, with lifted Eyes ;
 Bles'd of the Lord, with one Accord,
 Begin your Enterprize.

With Godly Fear, the Bride drew near,
 To apply Prolifick Balin;
 And whilst they strove, in mutual Love,
 The Parson sung a Psalm.



Dean S——t's Certificate.

AT Twelve o'Clock, this stormy Weather,
 I join'd this Rogue and Whore together;
 And none but he that rules the Thunder,
 Can put this Whore and Rogue a-funder.



*Design'd to be put on the Tickets for
 Mr. Yarrow's Benefit, had Playing
 continu'd. Tune, Black Joke.*

THE Time of Year is now come on,
 When Crowds of Players infest the Town,
 Some for the Buskin, some for the Sock;
 Amongst the Number I appear,
 In Hopes once more to gain your Ear,
 Whilst I attempt your Smiles to invoke;
 And thus I pray, as you think fit,
 To take my Notes for Box, or Pit,
 Which I do promise I will pay
 To you, or Order, on my Day,
 To this Tune of the merry *Black Joke*.

The PUNCH-LADLE.

DOctor, says he, we must agree,
 You've made the Heav'ns your A, B, C ;
 And understand *Egyptian Knowledge*
 Above the learned *Gresham College* ;
 Therefore I'm sure you cannot miss
 To solve my Question, which is this :
 Full two Months since, I did invite
 Three Friends to sup with me one Night ;
 And, having plentifully eat,
 A Bowl of Punch was next my Treat ;
 Made of good *French*, upon my Word :
 Good, says the Doctor, by the Lord !
 After we had drank our Fuddle,
 As Women in the Straw do Caudle,
 They, having found their Brains grew light,
 Thank'd their Host, and wish'd good Night.
 Early next Morning, after rising,
 I found my Punch-Bowl-Ladle missing :
 Now if the Stars, Sir, can inform you
 Who stole my Punch-Bowl-Ladle from me,
 I'll own Astrology is amazing,
 And that the Stars are worth your Gazing.
 Oh, quoth the Doctor, pray tell me then,
 Of what Religion were those Men ?
 For Stars, like unto Sovereign Princes,
 Have their different Influences,

And make as strong, or weak Impression,
 As Mortals differ by Persuasion.
 The first, says he, was Churchman true,
 As ever sat in Warden's Pew;
 And never miss'd, each *Sabbath-Day*,
 To hear the Parson preach and pray;
 And had paid both Scot and Lot,
 And dealt in the Year, for the Lord knows what!
 Oh, quoth the Doctor, do not think
 A Churchman's knavish in his Drink;
 He's a true Trout, and scorns, Od'ssiff!
 To sup the Pottage, and steal the Dish:
 Go on, I'm sure he's just and true,
 The Ladle lies 'twixt 'tother two.
 The next, says he, was a Dissenter,
 No Saint, but dared to venture
 Each Night to take off his Decanter;
 And shuns both *Common Prayer* and Lawn,
 To hear a Hide-bound Blockhead yawn;
 And every *Sunday* thinks it fitting
 To crowd himself in hum-drum Meeting;
 Tho' all his Neighbours do declare,
 That he is profoundly fair,
 And scorns, tho' ne'er so little,
 To wrong the Poor, or rob the Spittal,
 But's nicely honest, to a Tittle.
 The Doctor, turning up his Eyes,
 And, gravely looking, thus replies;
 I know not what to think of him,
 'Tis strange, to see a Mill-Stone swim!

However, shall refer my Censure,
 'Till I hear the other, and then, Sir,
 I'll freely give my final Answer.

The third, says he, was, Faith and Troth,
 A trimming Christian, 'twixt 'em both ;
 A wond'rous, strange, bifarious Creature,
 'Twixt Knave and Fool, call'd Moderator.
 Zounds! says the Doctor, in a Fury,
 That's the Rogue, I do assure ye ;
 You need not say another Word,
 He stole the Ladle, by the L——d!
 Now, says he, here, or hereafter,
 Neither by Land, nor yet by Water,
 Trust not the Value of a Rope of Onions,
 To a Man that halts 'twixt two Opinions.
 Pleas'd with the Doctor's lucky Notion,
 I thank'd him kindly for his Caution ;
 And, well contented with his Answer,
 I took my Leave of Necromancer.



*An Epilogue, as spoke by Mr. Gibson
 at Lincoln.*

WHen grateful Souls do Benefits receive,
 They're still uneasy, 'till their Thanks they
 give ;
 So I, who often have your Favours prov'd,
 (And live in Hopes, to see 'em oft renew'd)

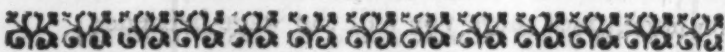
Would fain in Verse the Sentiments impart,
 Of an oblig'd, o'er-flowing, conscious Heart;
 But when my Thoughts, tumultuous crowd and rise,
 My feeble Muse her wish'd for Aid denies;
 Which proves, tho' strong my Will, my Power is weak,
 As dumb Men fondly strive, yet cannot speak:
 By Fortune's Frowns, a wand'ring Life I lead,
 Now here, now there, am forc'd to seek my Bread;
 And sure a gen'rous Mind must inward mourn,
 To be oblig'd, unable to return:
 Believe me, Ladies, what I now declare,
 My chief Ambition is, to please the Fair;
 And an unusual Transport fires my Mind,
 When this bright Circle seems to Praise inclin'd;
 Tho' small my Merit, yet you may depend,
 I'll studious toil, and hourly strive to mend;
 And, for the Goodness you have shewn a Player,
 (Since 'tis his all) accept this hearty Pray'r;
 May you with Fortune's Smiles be ever grac'd,
 And every one, in every Wish be bless'd.



Verses to a Young Lady in her Sickness.

Vouchsafe, thou loveliest of thy Sex, to view
 These faithful Lines, and think the Writer true;
 Ah! cou'd I tell, but Words are all too poor,
 Scarce Thought can reach the Torments I endure:

Grief for your Sickness on my Mind still preys,
 And, as your Health impairs, so mine decays;
 With you I sympathize, each Pain you feel,
 Does my sad Soul with secret Anguish fill!
 Ah, *Delia*! then no longer doubt I love,
 Since every Action does my Passion prove;
 My Friend and Bottle, now no longer please,
 I sigh, and wish, nor know a Moment's Ease;
 But here I stop, unable to impart
 The fond O'er-flowings of my bleeding Heart;
 Praying to Heav'n, your Health you may regain,
 And those dear Eyes expel my present Pain.



*A Prologue, as spoke at Lincoln by
 Mr. Gibson, on Account of bad Bu-
 siness, since the Act of Parliament
 against Players.*

AS a fond Lover, when his Mistress frowns,
 At Distance stands, and Fear his Breath con-
 founds;
 His trembling Lips, and suppliant Eyes declare,
 Her Smiles give Life, her Coldness, sad Despair:
 So we, when with your Presence we are grac'd,
 Think ourselves happy, and are doubly blest'd;
 We view the crowded House with joyful Eyes,
 And each intruding Care at Distance flies;

But, when you're absent, then our Fate we mourn,
And practise every Art for your Return.

Sometimes the Tragic Muse in View appears
To give you Pleasure, while we cause your Tears ;
Sometimes the Comic Scene, your Mirth to raise,
We represent, and that Way strive to please :

By different Means, we toil to entertain,
And hope our Labours will not prove in vain :

Last Year, in Crowds, you did our Cause approve,
We shar'd your Bounty, and we felt your Love ;

But Fortune (ever fickle as the Wind)
Has chang'd the Prospect, and is grown unkind ;
Sure we have nothing done that may offend,

So hope, once more you will the Stage befriend ;
For gen'rous Minds delight th' Oppress'd to raise,
And, at *This Juncture*, double is their Praise.



*To a young Lady, who was married to
an old Man.*

WHEN Love does to the Breast Admittance gain,
O'er all besides, it will Precedence claim ;
Each Word, each Thought, must that alone employ,
And the fond Lover knows no other Joy.

So, since your Heavenly Charms I first beheld,
With your dear Image is my Bosom fill'd ;
When, in your Sight, with Raptures, I survey
Those Eyes, in which Ten thousand Graces play :

While ev'ry Motion does some Charm impart,
 To fill with Wonder each Beholder's Heart ;
 Nay, ev'n when Darkneſs does to Reſt invite,
 Your much Lov'd Form is ever in my Sight,
 And in ſoft Slumbers gives my Soul Delight. }
 Who once loves thee, muſt ever true remain,
 Tho' thouſand others try his Heart to gain :
 Superior to them all thy Charms would prove,
 And fire the moſt obdurate Breſt with Love :
 But here a Thought does interrupt my Pen,
 And tells me, I'm the unhappieſt of Men ;
 I mourn the Chance, and, ſighing, I repine,
 That 'tis not in my Power to make you mine.
 And ſince the cruel Fate that Blifs denies,
 All other Beauties I'll at once deſpiſe ;
 Hoping, at length, the happy Hour to find,
 But, 'til that Time, Oh ! charming Fair, be kind.



*An Elegiac Epigram on the Death of
the Pope.*

Æneas Sylvius thought no Pope could be
 Advanc'd into the bleſs'd Society,
 'Till Pope himſelf : But then he chang'd his Mind,
 As leſs to Heaven, and more to Earth inclin'd.
 Tho' wiſer, you may ſay, he ſeem'd to be,
 Before he reach'd Infallibility. —

Bat, if to any Pope is turn'd the Key,
 By good St. *Peter*, *Benedict* is He ;
 Whom Fate preserv'd, when he from Turret fell,
 By Earthquake, down, indeed, next Door to Hell ;
 Who whisk'd the proud Cardination Whig,
 Bid Church reform, and not to look so big ;
 So, for his Loss, some Protestants are sad,
 As the best Antichrist we ever had.



A S O N G.

FAIR *Lucia* stole to *Cupid's* Bower,
 Her Heart 'till then was free ;
 The Boy asleep, his Bow and Shafts
 Hung by Him on a Tree.

She bent his Bow, and Arrow plac'd,
 Guided by Female Art ;
 The God awoke, he drew the String,
 And hit her tender Part.

I'll smite thee where no Balm nor Herb,
 That's found on *Cyprian's* Plain,
 Can cure the Wound which I have made,
 Or heal it up again.

And thus she wanders round the Groves,
 While Nymphs and Swains agree,
 A fatal Arrow from his Bow,
 Has hit above her Knee.

Another.

I Must confess I'm grown in Love,
 Tho' once I thought I never should;
 But 'tis with one drop'd from above,

Whom Nature's made of finest Mould;
 So good, so fair, so all divine,
 I'd give the World to make her mine.

Have you not seen the Stars retreat,

When *Sol* salutes the Hemisphere?
 So shrinks the Beauties, small and great,

When Heavenly *Celia* does appear;
 Were she as common Beauties are,
 I cou'd not love her to Despair.

But I cou'd never bear a Mind,

That Homage pays to every Fair;
 Nor Confidence enough can find,

To aim at so much Wit and Air:
 So Fate and Fortune did agree,
 No Woman shou'd be tied to me.

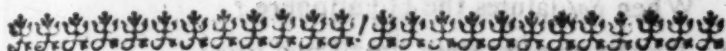


A Message from Mars to Venus by Cupid.

THOU, little, blind Deceiver, go,
 And tell thy beauteous Mother,
 Or strong Resentment I will show,
 Since she does love another.

Altho' her Face and Shape's divine,
 Yet I can still withstand her ;
 I'll make the sporting Youth repine,
 And shew Him I'm Commander.

And if true Love has no Effect
 On that delightful Treasure,
 The Pow'r I have I'll not neglect,
 But seize her at my Pleasure.



The FAVOURITE.

AH ! gentle God of Love,
 Forgive a wounded Heart,
 Who long, with Vigour, strove
 To appease the fiery Dart ;
 While *Celia*, all divine,
 Kindled soft Desire ;
 Whose charming Face,
 And blooming Grace,
 Sets all my Soul on Fire.

Thro' every Purple Vein
 Her Charms, like Magick, run ;
 I glory in Love's Pain,
 And yield to be undone :

A thousand glowing Charms
Wanton in her Eyes,
While from each Part,
With trickling Smart,
The pointed Arrow flies.

Her Presence wounds my Soul ;
I pine when she's away ;
She's mine without Controul,
Would she my Sighs repay ;
But now, great God ! she flies
From me, with Surprise ;
Whilst to the Fair,
She does repair,
And wanton in her Eyes.



*Mr. Pope's Receipt to make Soop, for
the Use of Dean S——t.*

TAKE a Knucle of Veal,
(You may buy it, or steal)
In a few Pieces cut it,
In a Stew-Pan put it.
Salt, Pepper, and Mace
Must season this Knucle ;
Then, what's join'd to a Place *,
With other Herbs muckle.

* Salary.

That which kill'd King *Will* †,
 And what never stands still †;
 Some Sprigs of that Bed ‖,
 Whence Children are bred;
 This much you will mend, if
 Both Spinage and Endive,
 And Lettice and Beet,
 With Marygold meet.
 Put no Water at all,
 For it maketh Things small;
 Which, lest it shou'd happen,
 A close Cover clap on;
 Put the Pot of *Wood's* Mettle §,
 (That's a boiling hot Kettle)
 And there let it be,

(Mark the Doctrine I teach)

About——let me see,

Thrice as long as you preach.
 So, scimming the Fat off,
 Say Grace, with your Hat off;
 And then, with what Rapture,
 Will it feed Dean and Chapter?

† *Sorrel.* † *Time.* ‖ *Parley.* § *Copper.*



Wycherly to Pope.

WITS, whose Numbers glide along
 So smooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the
 Song;
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the Heart, but to the Ear:
 Our Minds unmov'd, and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are, at least, most musically dull.
 So purling Streams, with even Murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy Hearers into Sleep;
 As smoothest Speech is most deceitful found,
 The smoothest Numbers oft are empty Sound,
 And leave our lab'ring Fancy quite a-Ground.

*A Panegyrick on Cardinal W——.*

HAIL, Minister! by Paradoxes great!
 Proceeds it from thy Genius, or thy Fate?
 Courtier complete, with Manners unpolite;
 Without thy Prince's Love, a Favourite;
 Not eloquent, tho' voluble of Tongue,
 And thy first Honours from Corruption sprung;
 From Ruin and Distress, advanc'd to Power,
 From Goal to Court, the Creature of an Hour;
 Hated by each, and yet upheld by all,
 Hooted in Streets, applauded in the Hall:

By giving, rich ; still able to supply
 Fresh Credit for each Want, and every Lie.
French Treaties, padlock'd Swords, and tame Cam-
 paigns,
 (Thy Measures now) were Crimes in former Reigns ;
 What then was contru'd Treason by our Laws,
 Is now thy Glory, and demands Applause :
 If thou art easy, who dare feel his Pain ?
 'Tis bold to sigh, Rebellion to complain,
 Ev'n publick Debts transform themselves to Gain.
 The Change that seem'd to force thee from the Stage,
 To sue for Shelter from the People's Rage,
 Pie-ball'd with Dirt and Glory, brought thee on,
 And turn'd thy Sanctuary to a Throne :
 Say, mighty *W*——, are we to adore
 Thy Stars, or Genius, never match'd before ?

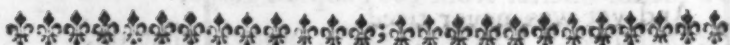
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*An Elegy on Jemmy Spiller, the fa-  
 mous Comedian, wrote by a Butcher.*

**D**Own with your Marrow-Bones and Cleavers all,  
 And on your Marrow-Bones, ye Butchers, fall,  
 For Prayers from you, who never pray'd before,  
 Perhaps, poor *Jemmy* may to Life restore.  
 What have we done ? the wretched Bailiffs cry,  
 The only Man, by whom we liv'd, shou'd die !  
 Enrag'd, they gnaw their Wax, and tear their Writs,  
 While Butchers Wives fall in Hysteric Fits :

For, sure as they're alive, poor *Spiller's* dead! *to*  
 But, Thanks to *Jack Legar* \*, we've got his Head:  
 Down with your ready Cole, ye jovial Tribe,  
 And for a *Metzotinto* let's subscribe;  
 The Markets traverse, and surround the Mint,  
 It shall go hard, but he shall be in Print;  
 For he  
 Was an inoffensive, merry Fellow,  
 When sober hip'd, blith as a Bird, when mellow.

\* *His Picture by Legar.*



*A Song, call'd Blouzibel. Tune, Sally.*

**O** F *Anna's* Charms, let others tell,  
 Or bright *Eliza's* Beauty,  
 My Song shall be of *Blouzibel*,  
 To sing of her's my Duty:  
 The Fair who, arm'd with *Cupid's* Dart,  
 His Flames, and other Matters,  
 Is all around, behung with Hearts,  
 As Beggars are with Tatters.

To lavish Nature much she owes,  
 And much to Education;  
 The Girls and Boys, and Belles, and Beaux,  
 Are struck with Admiration;

For blended in her Cheeks there lies  
 The Carrot, and the Turnip,  
 And who beholds her blazing Eyes,  
 His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue,  
 Her Teeth all black and yellow ;  
 Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue,  
 Her Lips like any Tallow ;  
 Her Voice so loud, and eke so shrill,  
 Far off it is admired ;  
 Her Tongue ! which never yet lay still,  
 And yet was never tired.

Ten Thousand Wonders rise to View,  
 All o'er the lovely Creature ;  
 The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,  
 Gilds every shining Feature !  
 As *Isaac* of his *Esau* said,  
 She like a Forest favours ;  
 Thrice happy Man, for whom the Maid  
 Preserves her hidden Favours.

O *Blouzibel* ! for thee we pant,  
 To thee our Hopes aspire ;  
 For thou hast all which Lovers want  
 To quench their raging Fire :  
 Then kindly take us to thine Arms,  
 And in Compassion save us  
 From *Anna's* and *Eliza's* Charms,  
 Which cruelly enslave us.



## On COURAGE.

**C**OURAGE ! the highest Gift, that scorns to bend  
To mean Devices, for a sordid End.

Courage ! — an independent Spark from Heaven's  
bright Throne,

By which the Soul stands rais'd, triumphant, high,  
alone.

Great in itself, not Praises of the Crowd,  
Above all Vice, it stoops not to be proud.

Courage ! the mighty Attribute of Powers above,  
By which those great in War, are great in Love,  
The Spring of all brave Arts is seated here,  
As Falshoods draw their sordid Birth from Fear.



## EPITAPH.

**H**ERE lies *Joan of Arc* ; the which,  
Some count Saint, and some count Witch ;  
Some count Man, and some count more,  
Some count Maid, and some count Whore.  
Her Life's in Question, wrong or right,  
Her Death's in Doubt, by Laws and Might :  
Mean Time *France* a Wonder saw,  
A Woman rule, against the *Salique Law*.  
But, Reader, be advis'd, and stay  
Thy Censure 'till the Judgment Day :  
Then shalt thou know, (and not before)  
Whether Saint, Witch, Man, Maid, or Whore.



*In Memory of the Death of K. Charles  
the First, wrote by the truly loyal  
Marquis of Montrose, upon the Sands  
at Leith, with the Point of his Sword.*

**G**reat, Good, and Just, could I but rate  
My Grief, and thy too rigid Fate ;

I'd weep the World to such a Strain,

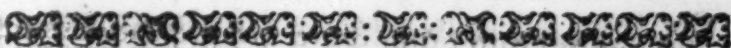
That it should deluge once again :

But since thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands Supplies,

More from *Briarius'* Hands than *Argus'* Eyes,

I'll sing thy Obsequies with Trumpet Sounds,

And write thy Epitaph in Blood and Wounds.



*Prologue, design'd for Tamerlane,  
By Dr. Garth.*

**T**O Day, a mighty Heroe comes to warm,  
Your curdling Blood, and bid you *Britons* arm ;

To Valour much he owes, to Virtue more ;

He fights to save, and conquers to restore :

He strains no Texts, nor makes *Dragoons* persuade ;

He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.

Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live ;

Their Prosperity is his Prerogative.

His Sword destroys, less than his Mercy saves,

And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.

Such, *Britons*, is the Prince that you possess,  
 In Counsel greatest, and in Camps no less ;  
 Brave, but not cruel, wise without Deceit,  
 Born for an Age, curs'd with a *Bajazet*.  
 But you, disdain to be too secure,  
 Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power.  
 With you a Monarch's Right is in Dispute,  
 Who gives Supplies, are only absolute.  
*Britain*, for Shame ! your factious Feuds decline,  
 Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line.  
 Assert lost Right, an *Astræa* Prince alone,  
 Is born to nod upon a *British* Throne.  
 A Cause no less, could on great *Eugene* call ;  
 Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hanibal* ;  
 He shews you, your lost Honour to retrieve,  
 Our Troop will fight, when once the Senate give.  
 Quit your Cabals, and Factions, and in Spite  
 Of Whig and Tory, in this Cause unite.  
 One Vote will then send *Anjou* back to *France* ;  
 There let the Meteor end his airy Dance.  
 Else to the the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,  
 E'en abdicated Gods were *Latium's* Care ;  
 At worst he'll find some *Cornish* Borough here.

A Prologue, spoke by Mr. Yarrow, in  
 the Character of Sir John Falstaff.

SEE, *Britons*, see ! one Half before your Eyes,  
 Of the old *Falstaff*, lab'ring to arise ;

Curse on the strait lac'd Traps, and *French* Machines,  
 None but a Genius can ascend these Scenes.  
 Once more my *English* Air I breathe again,  
 And smooth my double Ruff, and double Chin.  
 Now, let me see what Beauties gild the Sphere,  
 Body o'me! the Ladies still are fair.  
 The Boxes shine, and Galleries are full,  
 Such were our *Bona Roba's* at the *Bull*.  
 But, supreme *Jove*! what wasty Rogues are here!  
 Are these the Sons of *Beef*, and *English Beer*?  
 Old *Pharaoh* never dream'd of Kine so lean;  
 This comes of meager Soop, and sour *Champaign*.  
 Degenerate Race! let your old Sire advise,  
 If you desire to fill the Fair Ones Eyes,  
 Drink unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.  
 Your half-flown Strains, aspire to humble Bliss,  
 And, proudly, aim no lower than a Kiss.  
 'Till quite worn out, with acting Beaux and Wits,  
 You're all sent, crawling, to the Gravel Pits.  
 Pretending Claps, there, languishing, you lie;  
 And, like the Maids of the Green-Sickness, die.  
 The Case was other, when we rul'd the Roast,  
 We robb'd and ravish'd, but you sigh and toast.

But here I see a Side-Box better lin'd,  
 Where old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,  
 Tho' they're but Turn-Spits of the Mastiff Kind:  
 Half bred they seem, mark'd with the Mungril Cur,.  
 Oo'ns! which among ye dare attempt a Purse?

If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cause;  
 And let my Wit and Humour meet Applause;  
 Shew you disdain those nauseous Scenes to taste,  
 Where *French* Buffoons, like honest *Switzer* dress,  
 Turns all good Fellowship to Farce and Jest!  
 Banish such Apes, and save the sinking Stage,  
 Let Mimicks, and squeaking Eunuchs feel your Rage;  
 On such, let your defending Scourge be try'd,  
 Preserve plump *Jack*, and banish all beside.



*Epilogue to Hurlothrumbo, by Dr.  
 Byrom of Manchester.*

*Enter Hurlo.*

**L** Adies, and Gentlemen, my Lord of Flame  
 Has sent me here, to thank you, in his Name;  
 Proud of your Smiles, he's mounted many a Story,  
 Above the tip-top Pinnacle of Glory:  
 Thence he defies the Sons of Clay, the Criticks,  
 Fellows, says he, that are meer Paralyticks;  
 With Judgments lame, and Intellects that halt,  
 Because a Man out-runs them—they find Fault;  
 He is, indeed, to speak my poor Opinion,  
 Out of the Reach of Critical Dominion—  
 'Odso! here's one of them—*Critick*. A strange Play,

Sir!

*Enter Author.*

*Auth.* Let me come at him!—What's that you  
 say, Sir?

*Crit.* I say, Rules are not observ'd here — *Au.* Rules,  
Like Clocks and Watches, were all made for Fools!  
Rules make a Play! that is — *Crit.* What, Mr. *Singer*?

*Au.* As if a Knife and Fork shou'd make a Finger!

*Crit.* Pray, Sir, which is the Hero of your Play?

*Auth.* Hero! why they're all Heroes in their Way.

*Crit.* Why here's no Plot! or none that's understood.

*Au.* There's a Rebellion tho', and that's as good.

*Crit.* No Spirit, nor Genius in't! — *Auth.* Why  
didn't here

A Spirit and a Genius both appear?

*Crit.* Pho! 'tis all Stuff and Nonsense — *Au.* Lack-  
a-day!

Why that's the very Essence of a Play!

Your Old House, New House, Opera and Ball,

'Tis Nonsense, *Critick*, that supports them all;

As you yourselves ingeniously have shown,

Whilst on their Nonsense, you have built your own.

*Crit.* Here wants — *Au.* Wants what? why now,  
for all your Canting,

What one Ingredient of a Play is wanting?

Music, Love, War, Madness, without Sham,

Done to the Life, by Persons of the Dram;

Scenes, and Machines, descending, and arising,

Thunder and Light'ning, every Thing surprizing!

*Crit.* Play, Farce, or Opera is it? — *Au.* No  
matter whether,

'Tis a Rehearsal of 'em all together.

But come, Sir, troop off, old Blundermonger,

And interrupt the Epilogue no longer!



*Hunt's*, proceed——*Hail*.

Troth! he says true enough,  
The Stage has given Rise to wretched Stuff;  
Critick, or Player, a *Dennis*, or a *Cibber*,  
Vie only which shall make it go down glibber;  
A thousand murderous Ways they cast about  
To stifle it, but, Murder like——'twill out:  
Our Author fairly shows, without such Fufs,  
Shews it——in *Puris Naturalibus*;  
Pursues the Point, beyond its highest Height,  
Then bids his Men of Fire, and Ladies bright,  
Mark how it looks——when 'tis out of Sight:  
So true a Stage, so fair a Play for Laughter,  
There never was before, nor ever will come after;  
Never, no never; not whilst vital Breath  
Defends ye from that long-liv'd Mortal, Death:  
Death! something hangs on my prophetic Tongue,  
I'll give it Utterance: be it Right or Wrong:  
*Handal* himself, shall yield to *Hurlothrumbo*,  
And *Bonancini* too shall cry——*Succumba*!  
'That's, if the Ladies condescend to smile,  
Their Looks make Sense, or Nonsense, in our Isle.

~~~~~  
A New Prologue, Song, and Epilogue to
the Beaux Stratagem, lately acted in
a Summer Island.

HA I L, happy Isle, where Spring is ever new,
The Earth still verdant, and the Heaven blue;

Where, in no Spot, is Nature rough, or wild,
 But sweetly smiles, in every fertile Field :
 For this we're thankful to the God of Light,
 Whom Poets worship'd too, as God of Wit ;
 Those Poets tho', were Heathens of old Times ;
 We Christians are not so inspir'd with Rhimes.
 As for our Lands, we own the Sun's good Heat,
 But, Ladies, your bright Smiles must warm our Wit :
 Under that powerful Influence, we will hope
 To bring forth, at due Times, a goodly Crop.
 A Scene, well polish'd by the Poet's Pen,
 Stands on the Stage a Mirror, that therein
 The Mind may see to dress herself aright,
 And, full of Charms, appear in Wisdom's Sight :
 The flashy Fopling, full of Blood and Pence,
 Whereby he makes to Merit a Pretence,
 Here an unnatural Distortion spies,
 New sets his Face, and foolishly looks wise :
 The Prude, a mincing Madam ; the Coquet,
 Who barter solid Sense, for Name of Wit,
 Start at the foul Reflection cast from hence,
 And blush into true Beauty, and good Sense ;
 Herein the faithful Wife, the modest Maid,
 The Matron, meekly mourning in her Weed,
 Well pleas'd, may view themselves, with honest Pride. }
 As the fair Ladies all within this Place,
 Can take such Pleasure in this Looking Glass,
 Our Hero Beaux himself is proud to be
Valet de Chambre to such Company.

The Song, sung instead of the Trifle.

HOW great the Myſteries of Love!

To court a mortal Dame?

The Lord of Thunder, mighty *Jove*,

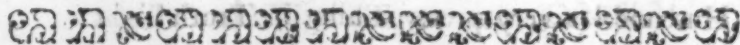
An humble Swan became.

Then who can blame his Creature, Man,

When, to obtain the Fair,

A counterfeited Garb, and Mein,

He does presume to wear?



Epilogue, spoken by Cherry.

IS this a Play for me to act a Part in?

A Murrain take my humble Servant, *Martin*!

To wheedle so, and gain my kind Good-will,

Then leave, *sans Ceremony*—faith 'tis ill!

Had I been sullen, I had gain'd the Point;

Well, well, 'tis Time enough; no Spouse I want:

In the warm Climes of Love our Beauties pine;

In frosty Nights, the Stars do brightest shine;

Frosty, said I? Ha! who upon this Plat,

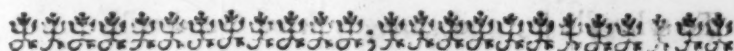
Of us young Girls, knows any thing of that?

Nay, if you're waggish, Sirs, and will take wrong,

What was right meant, 'tis Time I hold my Tongue.

Tho' I am young, I can be wise, as well as merry,
 'The *Archer* must *Aimwell*, that hits this Cherry *
 Your Patience, Sirs; and give me Leave to tell
 'The blust'ring Beaux, and eke the bashful Belle,
 We know the Stratagem of either's Life,
 Is to commence an Husband, or a Wife:
 Beware of *Archer's* Song then, nor believe
 That *Jove* a Swan cou'd half so well deceive,
 To gain the Fair One to his fond Embrace,
 As when he wore *Amphytrion's* Shape and Face,
 And, with the Bride, did for her Husband pass:
 Under that Form, there's few of us that can
 Be cruel to that God-like Creature, Man!
 Husband! a very pretty Thing in Truth!
 Upon those Terms, each Beauty-smitten Youth,
 I dare engage, might readily obtain
 A Lady *Bountiful*, to cure his Pain.

* *Pointing to her Lip.*



Favourite Songs, inserted by Desire.

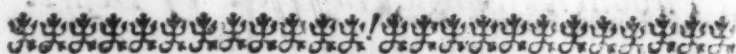
The Dying Lover.

THE Nymph that undoes me
 Is fair and unkind;
 No less than 'a Wonder
 By Nature design'd:

She's the Grief of my Heart,
 And the Joy of my Eye,
 And the Cause of a Flame,
 That never can die.

Her Lips, from whence Sweets
 Still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful Blush,
 And the Smell of the Rose;
 Love, and Destiny both,
 Attend on her Will,
 She wounds with a Look,
 With a Frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover
 Can hope no Redress,
 Where Beauty and Rigour
 Are both in Excess;
 In Reluctance they meet,
 So unhappy am I,
 Who sees her, must love,
 And who loves her, must die.



The Ravish'd Lover.

WHEN *Fanny*, blooming Fair,
 First met my ravish'd Sight;
 Caught with her Shape and Air,
 I felt a strange Delight;

Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring every Part,
 I every Feature prais'd,
 She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
 Young smiling Loves appear,
 There *Cupid* basking lies,
 His Shafts are hoarded there;
 Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
 With Colour all their own,
 Excelling far the Pride
 Of Roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd Limbs confess
 The lucky Hand of *Jove*,
 Her Features all express
 The beauteous Queen of Love:
 What Flames my Nerves invade,
 When I behold the Breast
 Of that too lovely Maid,
 Rise, 'suing to be press'd?

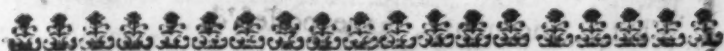
Venus round *Fanny's* Waist
 Hath her own *Cestus* bound,
 With guardian *Cupids* grac'd,
 Who sport the Circle round
 How happy will he be,
 Who shall her *Zone* unloose,
 That Bliss to all but me,
 May Heaven and she refuse

The Constant Lover.

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest,
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd,
 Or lov'd a fairer She :
 Wou'd you, with Ease, at once be cur'd,
 Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
 Consult your Glafs, and me.
 If then you think, that I can find
 A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
 You've Reason for your Fears ;
 But, if impartial you will prove,
 To your own Beauty, and my Love,
 How needless are those Tears ?
 If, in my Way, I shou'd, by Chance,
 Receive, or give, a wanton Glance,
 I like, but while I view ;
 How flight the Glance ? How faint the Kiss ?
 Compar'd to that substantial Blifs,
 Which I receive from you !
 With wanton Flight, the curious Bee,
 From Flower to Flower, still wanders free,
 And where each Blossom blows ;
 Extracts the Juice of all he meets,
 But, for his Quintessence of Sweets,
 He ravishes the Rose.

So, my fond Fancy to employ
On each Variety of Joy,

From Nymph to Nymph I roam;
Perhaps, see fifty in a Day,
Those are but Visits which I pay,
For *Chloe* is my Home.



Female Constancy.

THere liv'd, long ago, in a Country Place,
A clever young Lad, that lov'd a brisk Lass;
She lov'd him again, and (O Wonder! to hear)
No Offers cou'd move her, she lov'd him so dear!

The Lord of the Village took it in his Head,
To tempt her to leave him, and come to his Bed;
He offer'd her Jewels, and Baubles, and Rings,
But she slighted his Love, and refus'd his gay Things.

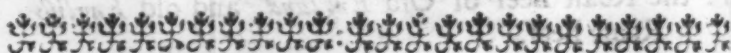
He told her, he'd make her as fine as a Queen,
Her Gown should be Silk, and her Cap Colberteen;
But she said, Linsey-Woolsey and Bone-Lace wou'd
serve,

And, rather than please him, she'd venture to starve.

He told her, he'd give her a Pad to ride out,
Or a Coach, if she lik'd it, to visit about;
She thank'd him, but said, she cou'd very well walk,
And, shou'd she keep a Coach, how the Neighbours
wou'd talk!

He said, for the Neighbours, he'd make it his Care,
 Not even the Parson on *Sundays* shou'd dare
 To find Fault with her Conduct, or offer to blame
 Her Manner of Living, or blast her good Name.

She told him, in short, he must e'en be content,
 For Jewels, or Gold, shou'd ne'er bribe her Consent;
 Her Heart was another's, and so it shou'd remain,
 And she scorn'd to prove false for the Lucre of Gain.



Roast Beef Song.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the *Englishman's*
 Food,

It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood,
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good,
 Oh! the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and old *English*
 Roast Beef.

But since we have learn'd, from all conquering *France*,
 To eat their *Ragou's*, as well as to dance,
 We are fed up with nothing, but vain Complaisance,
 Oh! the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and old *English*
 Roast Beef.

Our Fathers, of old, were robust, stout, and strong,
 And kept open House, with good Chear all Day long,
 Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in the Song,
 Oh! the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and old *English*
 Roast Beef.

But now we are dwindled to — what shall I name?
 A sneaking poor Race, half begotten and tame,
 Which fully those Honours, which once shone in Fame,
 Oh! the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and old *English*
 Roast Beef.

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,
 E'er Coffee and Tea, and such Slip-flops were known,
 The World was in Terror, whene'er she did frown,
 Oh! the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and old *English*
 Roast Beef.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
 They seldom, or never, return'd back again,
 As witness you vaunting *Armada* of *Spain*,
 Oh! the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and old *English*
 Roast Beef.

For then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And, when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
 Right,
 But now you're a Pack of — I cou'd — but good
 Night,
 Oh! the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and old *English*
 Roast Beef.



Old Darby.

DEAR *Chloe*, while thus beyond Measure,
 You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
 You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
 To hoard up an Old Age of Pain;

That Maxim, your Love is still founded

On Flames that will quickly decay,
You'll find it to be but ill grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

That Love which from Beauty is drawn,

By Kindness you ought to improve,
Soft Looks, and gay Smiles, are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love;
And, shou'd the bright Beams of your Eyes
Be clouded, which now are so gay,
And Darkness possess all the Skies,
We ne'er shou'd forget it was Day.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his Side,

You've often regarded with Wonder,
He's dropfical, she's fore-ey'd,

Yet they never are easy a-funder;
Together they totter about,

And set in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night, when Old *Darby's* Pot's out,
His *Joan* will not smoak one Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possess,

Their several Failings to smother;
Pray, what are the Charms, can you guess,
That makes 'em so fond of each other?

'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments that Youth doth bestow,
'Tis the Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
The best of all Blessings below.

These Traces for ever will last,

No Sickness or Pain can remove,

When once Youth and Beauty are past,

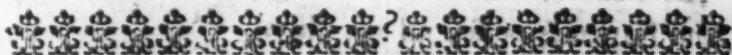
Then Age brings a Winter of Love;

A Friendship insensibly grows,

By Reviews of such Raptures as these,

The Current of Fondness still flows,

Decrepid Old Age can ne'er freeze.



The Slighted Lover.

Believe my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,

Relieve the Heart you've won;

Believe my Vows to you sincere,

Or, *Meggy*, I'm undone;

You say I'm sickle, and apt to change,

At every Face that's new,

But of all the Girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one like You.

My Heart was like a Lump of Ice,

'Till warm'd by your bright Eyes,

But, ah! it kindled, in a Trice,

A Flame that never dies!

Come take me, try me, and you'll find,

'Tho' you say, that I'm not true,

That of all the Girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one but you.

E P I G R A M S

On a Company dancing.

THIS Dance foretels that Couple's Life,
 Who mean to dance as Man and Wife;
 As here they'll first with Vigour set,
 Give Hands, and turn, whene'er they meet;
 But soon will quit their former Track,
 Cast off, and end in — Back to Back,

DE DE NO DE NO DE: DE: NO DE NO DE

*On J—— A——, Author of the Verses
 to the Memory of John Phillips, Esq;*

PHillips, to thy lamented Shade,
 By some low, whining Poet,
 A Tribute of sad Verse is paid,
 Who swears, that Friendship made him do it.

Thus Friendship wond'rous Power declares,
 Our new, strange Verse Inditer,
 Which, spight of Nature, and his Stars,
 Made him turn Elegiac Writer.

Dear Shade, the Poet's Wish fulfil,
 His barb'rous Toil requiting,
 Keep him from each disast'rous Ill,
 But most of all — from that of Writing.

On Henry Fiel——g; *Esq.*

CHarg'd with the writing of Bawdy, this was
was F——g's Reply ;

'Tis what *Dryden* and *Congreve* have done as well
as I.

'Tis true—but they did it with this good Pretence,
With an Ounce of rank Bawdy, went a Pound of
good Sense;

But thou hast proportion'd, in thy Judgment pro-
found,

Of good Sense scarce an Ounce, and of Bawdy a Pound.



The MISER.

P*inchall*, possessing Heaps of Wealth,
Lives miserably poor ;

He says, 'tis to preserve his Health,

But means, by it, his Store.

Let *Freeheart* but the Wretch invite,

To dine on good Chear *gratis*,

Then will he gorge like half starv'd Wight,

And cram his *Nunquam Satis*.

*On a famous Physician being call'd out
of Church.*

WHilst holy Prayers to Heaven were made,
One soon was heard, and answer'd too ;
Save us from sudden Death was said,
And straight from Church Sir *John* withdrew.



Spoken on a Young Lady Extempore.

YOU now, *Maria*, never look
In Authors, you declare,
Except when in the holy Book
You con some pious Pray'r :
So well endow'd, you've little Need,
And, Faith, the Reason's plain,
You have by Heart, what others read,
Or holy—or prophane.



On WIT.

TRUE Wit is like the Brilliant Stone,
Dug from the *Indian* Mine,
Which boasts two various Powers in one,
To cut, as well as shine :

Genius like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same Gift abounds ;
 Appears, at once, both keen and bright,
 And sparkles, while it wounds.

On MARRIAGE.

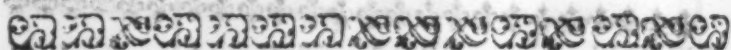
WHILE the good Priest, with Eyes devoutly clos'd,
 Left on the Book the Marriage Fee expos'd,
 The new made Bridegroom his Occasion spies,
 And, pleas'd, re-pockets up the shining Prize ;
 Yet not so safe, but Mr. *Surplice* views
 The Frolic, and demands his pilfer'd Dues :
 No, quoth the Man ! good Doctor, I'll nonsuit you ;
 A plain Default, I found you off your Duty ;
 More carefully the Holy Book survey,
 Your Rule is, you shou'd watch, as well as pray.

Spoke Extempore to a Lady who ask'd,
What this World was like ?

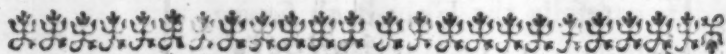
THIS World is a Prison in every Respect,
 Whose Walls are the Heavens in common,
 The Goaler is Sin, and the Prisoners Men,
 And the Fetters are nothing but—Women.

E P I G R A M S.

A Gainst a Gate *Dick* had a Damsel got;
 By Chance, the Owner over-heard his Plot,
 And cry'd, what mean you there, Sir, with your Mate?
 I only mean, said *Dick*, to Prop-a-Gate.

*Another.*

L I K E a prompt Sculler, one Physician plies,
 And all his Force, and all his Physic tries;
 But two Physicians, like a Pair of Oars,
 Conduct you soonest to the *Stygian* Shores.

*Another.*

S A Y S. honest *Dick* to trusty *Jack*,
 Your Conscience is so very black,
 If you don't mend, you'll surely go
 Amongst the Brimstone Blades below.

Jack answers, with a Look full sad,
 If my Condition be so bad,

Think, *Richard*, think what must befall

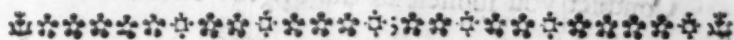
You, who no Conscience has at all.

To a Courtier.

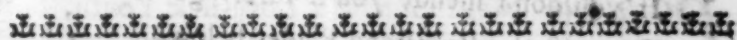
WHY do you thus your Friend deceive?
 You always promise, never give;
 If thus you're steadfast to your Lie,
 Prithee, good Sir, for once deny.

*The Play of Cherry-Pit.*

Sally and Tom did playing sit,
 To pass their Time at Cherry-Pit;
 She set, he cast, and, having thrown,
 He got the Pit, and she the Stone.

*Another.*

IN our Forefathers stupid Days, the Name
 Of Miss, at Twenty, was exchang'd for Dame;
 But these wise Times, to compliment exhort ye,
 Our modern Misses, are full Nine and Forty.



*On Celia's Picture, drawn by Sir God-
 frey Kneller.*

WITH such a sapient Eye, and heav'nly Mind,
 Minerva taught her Arts to human Kind;

With such attractive Charms, and graceful Air,
Venus was judg'd the Queen of all the Fair;
 Such Sense and Beauty to the Painter shone,
 He drew two Goddesses, to finish one.

*On the free Gift of a Benefit to Mr.
 Dennis, by the Players in the Hay-
 Market.*

UNask'd, tho' pitying Players grant
 Kind Charity to Worth in Want;
 So cheap will Lawyers plead its Cause?
 Or Priests deserve the like Applause?
 Never while Riches blind their Eyes,
 And supercede all Nature's Ties;
 Never, 'till Truth and Reason reign,
 And true Religion live again.

*Verses to a Young Lady, by Richard
 Savage, Esq.*

Polly, from one, tho' now a Love-sick Youth,
 Nay, tho' a Poet, hear the Voice of Truth!
 Polly, you're not a Beauty, yet you're pretty,
 So grave, yet gay, so silly, yet so witty;
 A Heart of Softness, yet a Tongue of Satire,
 You've Cruelty, yet, e'en in that, Good-Nature;

Now you are free, and now reserv'd a-while,
 Now a forc'd Frown, betrays a willing Smile;
 Reproach'd for Absence, yet your Sight deny'd,
 My Tongue you silence, yet my Silence chide;
 How wou'd you praise me, shou'd your Sex defame,
 Yet shou'd they praise, grow jealous and exclaim?
 If I despair, with some kind Look you bless,
 But, if I hope, at once all Hope suppress;
 You scorn, yet, shou'd my Passion change, or fail,
 Too late you'd whimper out a softer Tale;
 You love, yet from your Lover's Wish retire,
 Doubt, yet discern, deny, and yet desire;
 Such, *Polly*, are your Sex—Part Truth, Part Fiction,
 Some Thought, much Whim, and all a Contradiction.



*Epilogue to Julius Cæsar, spoke by Mrs.
 Furnival on her Husband's Benefit
 Night, who play'd the Part of
 Marc Anthony.*

TO Night, you see, we've brought upon the Stage
 A Model of the Taste of *Shakespear's* Age;
 A strange, grave, fighting, moral Play,
 Quite different from the new dramatic Way;
 But what's the strangest Circumstance of all,
Portia, her Spouse once dead, must eat hot Coal!
 'Twas a strange Taste those People had of Life,
 That the dull Husband's Death, shou'd kill the Wife!

Husbands alive, one may, perhaps, endure,
But Death extinguishes our Duty, sure!

But hold; I swear I'd almost quite forgot
The Business that I hither came about;
You'll think it strange my Husband shou'd not come,
In proper Person, to receive his Doom:
Ah, Ladies! my Hero's such a modest Elf,
He can speak more for *Cæsar*, than himself:
Therefore for him, most humbly thus I sue,
And all the Favours we receive from you,
He bids me call your Goodness, not our Due.
Let *Cheney* write for Vegetable Food;
Criticks dispute, if *Laureat's* Odes be good:
Opposing Writers give each other Pain;
Be it our Care, your Favour to retain.

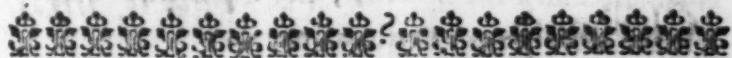
*Epilogue to the Tender Husband, spoke
by Mrs. Furnival, who play'd Mrs.
Clerimont.*

What various Arts to pleasure you we try;
We whine, we laugh, we rant, we sing, we
die!

Sometimes a prudish Rigidity assume,
Then as an insolent Coquet presume;
Show all the different Passions of the Soul,
How Joy and Grief, by Turns, our Hearts controul.

To Night, I think, I've been a modish Wife,
 And shewn my Taste for Matrimonial Life;
 Thro' every Course of Pleasure fairly run,
 Tho' Husband, Fortune, Fame, were quite undone;
 My All wou'd have surrender'd for a Dance,
 With nothing pleas'd, but *Alamode de France!*
 My Spouse, you'll think, was but a stupid Fool,
 No Man, but may be made a Woman's Tool:
 For, let 'em boast their Strength, their Pow'r, their Parts,
 They're still inferior to weak Womens Arts.
 Heroes may talk, and of their Battles brave,
 No Hero yet, but was a Woman's Slave!
 What Man from—*Je ne scay quoi* his Heart can save?

But, Gentlemen, don't think I scorn your Merit;
 Nor think that every Wife must have my Spirit:
 May you, than me, a juster Partner find,
 And may each Lady meet a *Clerimont* kind:
 This is my Cordial Wish —and if to Day
 You've any Pleasure had from this our Play,
 To *Steel's* immortal Fame your Plaudit pay.



*Epilogue, spoke by Miss Copen, in the
 Character of Dicky, in The Trip
 to the Jubilee, as a Beau.*

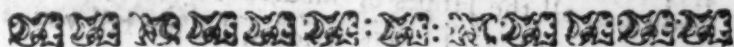
G Allants, you'll wonder what in Breeches here
 I come to act—the Ladies Volunteer:
 V O L. II. N

And, as my Talents you'll expect to know,
 I'm every Way accomplish'd as a Beau :
 You see, in Dress I've got the modish Way,
 With Sword-Knot *jauntee*, and a smart *Toupee* !
 Then I can dance, cry *Demme* ! and take Snuff,
 And, when no Danger's near, can strut and buff !
 For Skill in Fighting, why there's no Occasion,
 A true bred Beau detests that odious Fashion !
 Can prate of ruin'd Damsels, swear to't too,
 And that's as much as any Beau can do.
 Now, Ladies, if this fail to gain your Hearts,
 Adieu to all the Hopes of modern Smarts :
 'Twere hard indeed, that, Ladies, let me tell you,
 Ay, now you whisper——he's a pretty Fellow !
 But how if, after all, you think me vain,
 And still uncaptiv'd all your Hearts remain ?
 Oh ! whither then for Refuge shall I fly ?
 My Brother Beaux, I doubt, will Aid deny.
 However, that I may obtain their Favour,
 I'll promise, for the future, good Behaviour ;
 No more usurp the Breeches, not my own,
 But the more proper Petticoat put on ;
 Grow up, in Hopes that, tho' unable now,
 Each Way to pleasure ye I may pursue,
 And pay the Debt of Gratitude I owe.



Prometheus *ill painted.*

HOW wretched does *Prometheus* State appear,
 Whilst he his second Misery suffers here!
 Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
 He blames great *Jove*, less than the Painter's Hands.
 It wou'd the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,
 If once again his Liver thus should grow:
 Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow,
 The Flames he once stole from Thee, grant Him
 now.



On A G E.

OF T am I, by the Women, told,
 Poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'it old;
 Look how thy Hairs are falling all,
 Poor *Anacreon*, how they fall!
 Whether I grow old, or no,
 By th' Effects I do not know:
 This I know, without being told,
 'Tis Time to live, if I grow old:
 'Tis Time short Pleasures now to take,
 Of little Life, the Best to make,
 And manage wisely the last Stake.

Epigram, from Martial.

TO-Morrow you will live, you always cry ;

In what far Country does this Morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive ?

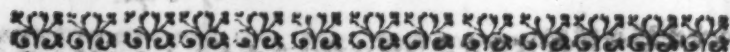
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live ?

'Tis so far fetch'd, this Morrow, that, I fear,

'Twill be both very old, and very dear.

To-morrow I will live, the Fool does say,

To-day itself's too late, the Wife liv'd Yesterday.



*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis
Drake's Ship, presented to the Uni-
versity Library of Oxford.*

TO this great Ship, which round the Globe has
run,

And match'd, in Race, the Chariot of the Sun ;

This *Pythagorean* Ship, (for it may claim,

Without Presumption, so deserv'd a Name,

By Knowledge once, and Transformation now)

In her new Shapes this sacred Port allow.

Drake, and his Ship, cou'd not have wish'd from Fate

A more blest Station, or more blest Estate ;

For (lo !) a Seat of endless Rest is given

To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heaven.

To Mr. Pope, occasion'd by writing
Mr. Gay's Epitaph.

Entomb'd with Kings, tho' Gay's cold Ashes lie,
A nobler Monument thy Strains supply:
Thy matchless Muse, still faithful to thy Friend,
By Courts unaw'd, his Virtue dares commend.
Lamented Gay, forget thy Treatment past,
Look down, and see thy Merit crown'd at last:
A Destiny more glorious who can hope?
In Life belov'd, in Death bemoan'd by Pope.

To Mr. Cibber, by his constant Ad-
mirer*.

CIBBER, accept these feeble Lays,
From an unskilful Muse,
Who tries, with artless Note, to praise,
What envious Men abuse.

Nature and Art in thee combine,

Thy Comedies excel;
With Wit, and Sense, replete, they shine,
And read politely well.

Who sees th' *Inconstant* & *Loveless* range,

But mourns *Amanda's* Fate?

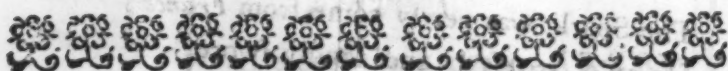
Each Female Heart approves his Change,

And pants for such a State.

* See Vol. the First. § Love's Last Shift.

When Lady *Betty* † treads the Stage,
 All modish Prudes submit ;
 What *Foppington* adorns our Age,
 With the same Grace and Wit ?
 In *Townly* ‡ see the Modern Wife !
 How full of Vice ! how blam'd !
 How ruin'd by the modern Life !
 How valu'd, when reclaim'd !
 May empty *Journals* weekly rail,
 May all dull Bards repine ;
 If Wit unequall'd should prevail,
 The Laurel's justly thine.

† *Careless Husband.* § *Provok'd Husband.*



Myra's Choice. Tune, White Joke.

GAY *Myra*, Toast of all the Town,
 By powder'd Fops encircled round,
 Charms ev'ry Beau, yet's charm'd by none.
Charms ev'ry, &c.

At Park, at Play, at Masquerade,
 She gains the Prize from every Maid ;
 And when she sings, her Voice so clear,
 With Harmony does glad the Ear ;
 For thrilling Sounds dwell on her Tongue.

For thrilling, &c.

Fidelio, grac'd with every Charm,
That cou'd the Heart of Virgin warm,

For *Myra* sigh'd, for her alone :

For *Myra*, &c.

Yet wou'd no Pity touch the Fair,

To gently sooth his deep Despair ;

And tho' she ever frown'd, Disdain,

He still must languish, tho' in vain,

For sweetest Sounds dwell on her Tongue.

For sweetest, &c.

Papilio smart, with flutt'ring Air,

Breath'd artfully his mimic Care ;

With gaudy Charms the Foplin shone :

With gaudy, &c.

No one like him cou'd sing, or dance ;

The Spark was newly come from *France* ;

He ap'd, carefs'd, and fondly swore,

He never lov'd a Belle before ;

For melting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue.

For melting, &c.

Cordelio, generous, prudent, wise,

The sprightly Dame did thus advise,

Young *Florio's* borrow'd Love to shun ;

Young *Florio's*, &c.

Since false *Papilio* soon wou'd prove,

And was not worthy of her Love ;

Fidelio's Flame was chaste and pure,

And wou'd 'till Ebbing Life endure ;

His Heart sincere, as was his Tongue.

His Heart, &c.

At length with flatt'ring Courtship cloy'd,
And faithless Vows, of Passion void,

She found she'd been abus'd too long ;

She found, &c.

She *Florio* told, He ne'er was true ;

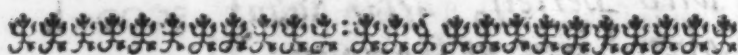
Papilio, he was false, she knew ;

Fidelio's Sighs she must approve ;

And when she crown'd his constant Love,

Enchanting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue.

Enchanting Sounds, &c.



MOLLY MOOR.

TULLY, the Queen of Beauty's Boast,

Through all *America* the Toast,

Does, that her Face more Eyes may catch,

Reform it with a *Negro* Patch ;

Venus for ever does delight,

In thickest Shade, and *Ebon* Night.

Does not *Tom Serjeant* try to make

His Person passant, drest in Black ?

Observe, the Coal of purest Jet,

The fiercest Flame does still beget.

As the most cloudy Mysteries,

The *Mussulmans* devoutest Prize,

So smartest Beaux, and Wits, adore

The gloomy Grace of *Molly Moor*.

The proudest, snowy Forms, at last,

Must in a *Sable* Pall be drest :

E'en Dolly Douglas' self must go
 Down to the Negro Shades below ;
 Into the Pitchy Kingdom, where
 This Raven Lais shall Queen appear ;
 And sit on *Proserpina's* Throne,
 When she is up to *Ceres* gone.

On a young Lady, who made away
 with herself, after losing 5000 l.
 over Night at Gaming.

O H ! Death ! thou pleasing End of human Woe !
 Thou Cure of Life ! thou best of Friends below ;
 May'st thou still shun the Coward and the Slave,
 And thy soft Slumbers only ease the Brave.

EPIGRAMS.

On Miss Fanny's Birth-Day.

A Compliment ! No : Curse upon the Birth,
 When such a Devil visited the Earth ;
 Pert, proud, profuse, and idle all Day long ;
 Or busy only with a tainted Tongue,
 To spit out Filth on every Neighbour's Name ;
 Scorn of her Mother's Servants, and her Shame ;
 A Girl, green, harsh, too forward, over-grown,
 Who'll be too early ripe, and rotten soon.

On a very bulky Gentlewoman.

YOU say, She's tall : Why, true, and what of that ?
Is very bulky, and prodigious fat ;
That she in Stature shou'd be large 'tis fit,
Her Body's but proportion'd to her Wit.



On the new French Fashion.

HISTORY seems to say, that heretofore,
An Head upon their Shoulders *Frenchmen* wore;
A Tail alone is now the Fashion there,
Tho' much depends upon their Heads, they swear.
A Nation full of merry Monkeys ever,
Was *France* confess'd ; but none 'till now so clever.



*Mr. J. M. S — being catechiz'd on
his own Epistle to Mr. Pope.*

WHAT makes you write at this odd Rate ?
Why, Sir, it is to imitate.
What makes you steal and trifle so ?
Why, 'tis to do as others do.
But there's no Meaning to be seen !
Why, that's the very Thing I mean.

On Players.

Vivitur ingenia, once our Motto was,
 And now too well we find it is our Case ;
 For since the Legislature so-thinks fit,
 We must depend on that poor Portion, Wit.

Another.

BEhold! ambitious of the *British* Bays,
Cibber and *Duck* contend in Rival Lays.
 But, gentle *Colley*, should thy Verse prevail,
 Thou hast no Fence, alas! against his Flail :
 Wherefore thy Claim resign, allow his Right ;
 For *Duck* can thresh, you know, as well as write.

On the late Mrs. Oldfield.

Since Farce, and tongueless Pantomimes can charm,
 And *Dollalolls* each Coxcomb's Bosom warm ;
 'Twas Time for *Oldfield*, Glory of the Stage,
 To fly, indignant, this dull, thankless Age.
Oldfield, whose every Action had a Tongue,
 Graceful her Air, her Speech melodious Song !
 But, thank our Stars, she's gone ; and *Booth* is dumb ;
 So shall my Brethren live, and eke * *Tom Thumb*.

* *Comical Tragedy of Tom Thumb*.

Another.

WELL, said *Apollo*, Still 'tis mine,
To give the real Laurel;
For that, my *Pope*, my Son divine,
Of Rivals end the Quarrel.

But guessing who wou'd have the Luck,
To be the B——day Fibber;
I thought of *Dennis*, *Theobald*, *Duck*,
But never dream'd of *Cibber*.

~~~~~  
*Upon a beautiful Lady who was blind.*

**T**HO' beauteous *Mira* Heaven deprives of Sight,  
To view those Charms which give the World  
Delight;

Let not her Heart, oppress'd with Grief, complain,  
Had she beheld her Form she had been vain.  
One Sense, in pure Compassion, Heaven denies,  
And to secure her Virtue, dims her Eyes.

~~~~~  
A BURLESQUE.

ACON, and *Leonilla*, *Acon's* Mother,
Had but two Eyes 'twixt both, he one, she t'other,
On dear Mamma, kind Boy, bestow thy one,
Then she'll have two good Eyes, and thou'lt have none.

On receiving a Present of an Orange.

N O W Priam's Son, thou may'st be mute,
 For I can blythly boast with thee;
 Thou to the Fairest gave the Fruit,
 The Fairest gave the Fruit to me.

~~~~~

*On the Monument of the Honourable  
 Robert Digby, Esq and of his Si-  
 ster, the Honourable Miss Mary  
 Digby, in the Church of Sherborne  
 in Dorsetshire, erected by their Fa-  
 ther, the Right Honourable the Lord  
 Digby.*

G O! fair Example of untainted Youth,  
 Of modest Wisdom, and pacific Truth;  
 Compos'd in Sufferings, and in Joy sedate,  
 Good, without Noise, without Pretension, great;  
 Just of thy Word, and in each Thought sincere,  
 Who knew no Wish, but what the World might hear;  
 Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,  
 Lover of Peace, and Friend of human Kind;  
 Go live! for Heaven's eternal Year is thine!  
 Go! and exalt thy Moral to Divine!

And thou, blest Maid, Attendant on his Doom,  
 Pensive, hast follow'd to the silent Tomb;



To the same Course, to the same quiet Shore,  
 Not parted long, and now to part no more;  
 Go then! where only Bliss sincere is known;  
 Go! where to love, and to enjoy, are one.  
 Yet take these Tears, Mortality's Relief,  
 And, 'till we share your Joys, forgive our Grief;  
 These little Rites, a Stone and Verse, receive,  
 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give.



*Epitaph for the Tomb of a Gentleman,  
 who, from a small Beginning, im-  
 proved his Fortune very considerably,  
 and was very charitable to People in  
 Distress.*

**Y**E Sons of Industry! learn, hence, to know  
 How far in Fortune patient Hope will go;  
 By safe Degrees, on Honour's rais'd Ascent,  
 Slow, climbing Care, at last, will reach Content.  
 Yet, ah! when up, forget not Want below,  
 But stretch your helpful Hand to distant Woe:  
 So rose the Man, whose Dust inshrines this Place;  
 So gain'd with Honour, and so gave with Grace:  
 Alive, unenvied, dead, unlost, he lies;  
 For know, a good Man's Influence never dies.

*On Mr. Aikman, a Painter, who survived his Only Son a very short Time, and lies buried with him in the same Grave.*

*By the Author of Eurydice.*

**D**EAR to the Wise and Good, disprais'd by none,  
 Here sleep, in Peace, the Father and the Son :  
 By Virtue, as by Nature, close ally'd,  
 The Painter's Genius, but without the Pride ;  
 Worth, unambitious, Wit afraid to shine ;  
 Honour's clear Light, and Friendship's Warmth di-  
 vine :

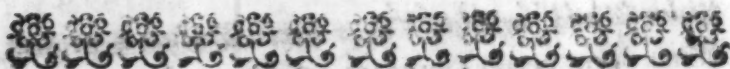
The Son fair rising, knew too short a Date ;  
 But, oh ! how more severe the Parent's Fate !  
 He saw him torn, untimely, from his Side,  
 Felt all a Father's Anguish, wept—and dy'd.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The Contrast between the late Duke of  
 Buckingham, and the Author of the  
 Contrast.*

**W**HEN Nonsense triumph'd, witty *Villiers* rose,  
 The Friend of Sense, and quell'd her nume-  
 rous Foes :

The Justice of his Satire all confess'd ;  
 While he burlesqu'd the Worst, he spar'd the Best ;  
 But now, with Judgment, and with Wit, revers'd,  
 Our Author damns the Best, and spares the Worst.



*A Ballad on Nothing.*

COME, hark to our Ditty, which shall not be long,  
 For we've Nothing new, Sirs, your Time to pro-  
 long,

So we have made Nothing the Theme of our Song :

*Which no-body, &c.*

Nor let the grave Critic of our Nothing complain,  
 Tho' Nothing of Wit shou'd be found in our Strain,  
 From Nothing, all know, there can Nothing remain:

*Which no-body &c.*

From this Nothing, the Courtier Assistance must  
 borrow,

By this he the Arts of his Levee goes thorough,  
 For a Promise To-day, stands for Nothing To-morrow :

*Which no-body &c.*

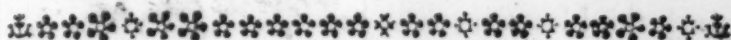
'Tis from Nothing young Patriots oft catch at a Hint,  
 Thunder out a bold Speech, and then get it in Print,  
 'Tis their only Misfortune, there is Nothing in't :

*Which no-body, &c.*

Of their Purfes and Gold the *French* have been free,  
To reward *Farnelli*——by this we may fee  
Other Climes are as much charm'd with Nothing as  
we: *Which no-body, &c.*

When *Ward*, without Art, a fam'd Doctor is grown,  
When *Mapp* excels Surgeons in setting a Bone,  
That your Doctors and Surgeons are Nothing you'll  
own: *Which no-body, &c.*

Some Wits to the Stage will their Nothings commend,  
Full of Nothing, they write, and to Nothing they tend;  
So beginning with Nothing, in Nothing they end.  
*Which no-body, &c.*



# DEUS est.

NO more, vain Mortals, your vile Thoughts  
pursue,

The many Objects that's before your View,  
Declare a God; and 'tis most certain true:

See! the bright spangl'd Lustre of the Skie,  
View well their Motions, they will testify \*

The mighty Power of a Deity:

See! the wide World with various Objects stor'd,  
Confess the powerful creating Word;

A Being Supreme, an everlasting Lord!

When you have seen all these, mark S——y Fair!

Can there be an Argument more clear?

Now! now, deny your Maker if you dare.

\* *Ilya un Dieu.*

*On Sir William Trumbal, at East,  
Hamsted in Berkshire.*

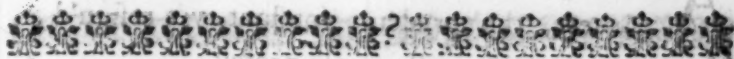
**A** Pleasing Form ; a firm, yet cautious Mind,  
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd ;  
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,  
Fix'd to one Side, but mod'rate to the rest :  
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too,  
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true ;  
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,  
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth ;  
A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free,  
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny ;  
Such this Man was ; who now from Earth remov'd,  
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

*On Charles, Earl of Dorset, at Wi-  
thyam in Sussex.*

**D**ORSET ! the Grace of Courts, the Muses Pride,  
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd !  
The Scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd, or great,  
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State ;  
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,  
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.  
Blest Satyrist ! who touch'd the Mean so true,  
As show'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.  
Blest Courtier ! who could King and Country please,  
Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.

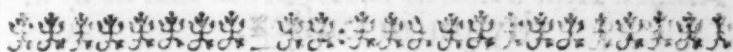


Blest Peer ! his great Forefathers ev'ry Grace  
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race ;  
 Where other *Buckbursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,  
 And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.



*On Mrs. Corbet.*

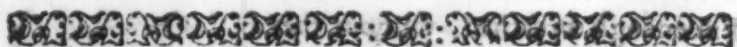
HERE rests a Woman, good without Pretence,  
 Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense ;  
 No Conquests she, but o'er self desir'd,  
 No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.  
 Passion, and Pride, were to her Soul unknown,  
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.  
 So unaffected, so compos'd a Mind,  
 So firm, so soft ; so strong, yet so refin'd ;  
 Heav'n as its purest Gold, by Tortures try'd,  
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd,



*On General Henry Withers.*

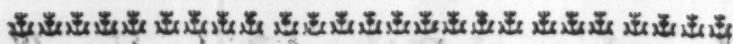
HERE *Withers* rest ! thou bravest, gentlest Mind,  
 Thy Country's Friend, but more of Human Kind,  
 Oh ! born to Arms ! O Worth in Youth approv'd !  
 O soft Humanity ! in Age belov'd !  
 For Thee the hardy Veteran drops a Tear,  
 And the gay Courtier feels the Sigh sincere.  
*Withers*, adieu ! yet not with Thee remove  
 Thy martial Spirit, or thy social Love !

Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,  
Still leave some antient Virtues to our Age:  
Nor let us say, (those *English* Glories gone)  
The last true *Briton* lies beneath this Stone.



*On Mr. Elijah Fenton, Author of Ma-  
riamne.*

**T**HIS modest Stone, what few Marbles can;  
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man.  
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's Fate,  
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great;  
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,  
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.  
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here  
Saw Nothing to regret, or there to fear;  
From Nature's temp'rate Feast, rose satisfy'd,  
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

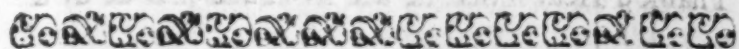


*On SICKNESS.*

**F**ROM this vain World, where Ills abound,  
And Joys, but few, unmix'd, are found;  
Where restless Foes those Few infest,  
And Friends are impotent at best,  
My wearied Soul, good Lord, remove  
To Bowers of Bliss, and Friends above.

I said ; when, lo ! this Pray'r prefer'd,  
 Stern Sickneſs (frightful Gueſt !) appear'd ;  
 I ſtarted, frown'd, and cry'd, Begone  
 From one, already half undone ;  
 Can Pain a Cure from Sorrow be ?  
 I'm enough wretched, without thee.

Weak Man ! who errs a thouſand Ways,  
 And cenſures what deſerves his Praise !  
 The hideous Form ſo ſeiz'd my Thought,  
 I then th' intrinſick Worth forgot :  
 But welcome, Gueſt ; for now I find,  
 Tho' ſeeming cruel, thou art kind ;  
 Kind as I wiſh'd ; and lead'ſt the Road,  
 From this vain World, to Heaven and God ;  
 To Heaven and God, I'll preſs the Way,  
 Tho' grim the Pilot, rough the Sea ;  
 Who can his Courſe reluctant bend,  
 When that's the Port, and he thy Friend ?



Lanesborough-Park, a Poem ; humbly  
*inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable  
 the Earl of Burlington.*

By Mr. Wyld, of Otley.

Since I have wander'd thro' the pleaſing Scenes  
 Of eaſy Hills, and ever verdant Plains,  
 In Lanesborough-Park, the Idea ſtill appears,  
 And my charm'd Mind each beauteous Object bears :

Now, with Reflection, in my Soul they grow,  
 Struggle for Birth, and in rude Numbers flow:  
 As when they first sprang from the pregnant Dame,  
 By the fierce Heat of Sol's refulgent Flame:  
 With Joy I view'd great Boyle's fair Palace rise,  
 Which e'en with antient Architecture vies;  
 The spacious Mansion's splendid distant Sight,  
 Does here th' curious Traveller invite;  
 With eager Haste, impatient of Delay,  
 He rushes on, desirous to survey  
 That Dome, which cheats him of his less'ning Way.

Here, rais'd on Pedestals, a fable Train  
 The Virtuoso's Genius entertain;  
 To which a beauteous Wilderness is join'd,  
 To glad, at once, the Smell, the Sight, and Mind,  
 As tho' 'twas modell'd by a Hand divine,  
 And did with more than mortal Lustre shine.  
 Straight I am by a Chain of Steps convey'd  
 To a cool Grove, where a delicious Shade,  
 And gay Alcove, by spreading Trees are made;  
 Review each Scene, so lately travell'd o'er,  
 And in my Sight arise ten Thousand more.

Now to a wand'ring Lab'rinth I succeed,  
 To no one Form the several Openings lead;  
 I'm doubly lost, in Person, and in Thought,  
 So rude it seems, yet must by Art be wrought:  
 Dame Nature, sure, ne'er deck'd a Place like this,  
 So rich, so gay, so fraught with fragrant Bliss!

No Aromatic Plants, nor Eastern Gums,  
 Can shed such Sweets, or boast of such Perfumes;  
 Such a Collection, both of Trees and Flow'rs,  
 Must needs out-vie fam'd *Eden's* antient Bowers:  
 But swift-wing'd Time, which summons all away,  
 Forbids me longer in this Scene to stay;  
 Urges my Flight from this desir'd Abode,  
 I'm drove from thence, as *Adam* by his God.

Next, from the Terras's exalted Height,  
 High tow'ring Trees attract my astonish'd Sight;  
 Large Crops of Corn, rich Meads, and past'ring  
 Groves,

Where the fond Mother with her Lambkin roves:  
 A youthful Wood on either Hand appears,  
 Whose Boughs with whistling Notes salute our Ears;  
 Frequented with the airy feather'd Throng,  
 Who praise their Dwelling in each tuneful Song:  
 Fast at whose Foot a large Canal is plac'd,  
 With silver Swans, and sunny Halcyons grac'd.  
 But, oh! whilst thus those little Globes of Light  
 Are entertain'd with the amazing Sight,  
 We rudely crush, beneath our bending Feet,  
 The Goddess which adorns this blest Retreat;  
 Fair *Flora* here, with more than wonted Pride,  
 Does round the Walk illustriously reside.

From whence we down a verdant Hill descend,  
 And for fresh Objects still our Passage bend;  
 Strong Trees on each Side form a lovely Walk,  
 And spotted Deer a-round us wildly stalk.



Then, with triumphant Pleasure, we survey  
Rolling Cascades, which seem to form a Sea;  
Rapid and loud, fretting, yet always clear,  
A grateful Murmur strikes the list'ning Ear.

Next, to the Garden we direct our Way,  
Whose Glories, when I shou'd in Verse display,  
Notes of Surprize, and Admiration fill  
The spotless Paper, and employ my Quill.  
O! happy *Boyle*! who can such Sweets possess!  
Yet, sure, no virtuous Man wou'd wish him less.



*Epitaph on a late R—t R—d Pr—te.*

**H**ERE *Sarum* lies, of late as wife  
As once was *Tom Aquinas*;  
Lawn Sleeves he wore, yet was no more  
A Christian than *Socinus*.

Oaths, *Pro* and *Con*, he swallow'd down,  
Lov'd Gold like any Layman;  
Read, preach'd and pray'd, and yet betray'd  
God's holy Cause for *Mammon*.

Of every Vice he had a Spice,  
And, tho' a R—— d Pr—— te,  
He liv'd and dy'd, if not bely'd,  
A hot dissenting Zealot.

If such a Soul to Heaven has stole,  
 And 'scap'd the Devil's Clutches,  
 We may presume there may be Room  
 For M——gb and his D——fs.



On Henry Dunch, Esq; by Mr. Waller.

HERE lies the Prop and Glory of his Race,  
 Who, that no Time his Memory may deface,  
 His grateful Wife, under this speaking Stone,  
 His Ashes hid, to make his Merit known.  
 Sprung from an opulent and worthy Line,  
 Whose well us'd Fortune made their Virtues shine;  
 A rich Example his fair Life did give,  
 How others should, with their Relations, live;  
 A pious Son, a Husband, and a Friend;  
 To Neighbours too, his Bounty did extend,  
 So far, that they lamented when he dy'd,  
 As if all to him had been near ally'd.  
 His curious Youth would Men and Manners know,  
 Which made him to the Southern Nations go,  
 Nearer the Sun, tho' they more civil seem,  
 Revenge and Luxury have their Esteem;  
 Which well observing, He return'd with more  
 Value for *England*, than he had before.  
 Her true Religion, and her Statutes too,  
 He practis'd not less, than seek'd to know;  
 And the whole Country griev'd for their ill Fate,  
 To lose so good, so just a Magistrate.

To shed a Tear may Readers be inclin'd,  
 And pray for one he only left behind ;  
 'Till she who does inherit his Estate,  
 May Virtue love, like him, and Vices hate.



*Epigram on Bishop Atterbury's burying  
 the Duke of Buckingham.*

*By Mr. Prior.*

**I** Have no Hopes, the Duke he says, and dies.  
 In sure and certain Hopes — the Prelate cries.  
 Of these two learned Peers, I pr'ythee say, Man,  
 Who is the lying Knave, the Priest, or Layman ?  
 The Duke he stands an Infidel confest ;  
 He's our dear Brother, quoth the Lordly Priest.  
 The Duke, tho' Knave, still Brother dear, he cries,  
 And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies ?



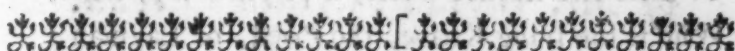
*A S I M I L E.*

**B**Ehold these Monarch Oaks, that rise,  
 With lofty Branches, to the Skies ;  
 Have huge proportion'd Roots, that grow  
 In equal Longitude below :  
 Two Bards that now in Fashion reign,  
 Most aptly this Device explain ;  
 If this on Clouds and Stars will venture,  
 That will creep downwards to the Centre.

Or more, to shew the Thing I mean,  
Have you not o'er a Saw-pit seen  
A skill'd Mechanic, that has stood  
On a strong Plank of stubborn Wood?

Who hir'd a subterraneous Friend,  
To take his Iron by the End;  
Yet, which excell'd, was never found,  
The Man above, or under, Ground?

This Moral is so plain to hit,  
That, had I been the God of Wit,  
Then in a Saw-pit, and wet Weather,  
Should *Young* and *Philips* work together.



*On the Reverend Mr. Travers's perusing  
some Papers of Mr. Wyld's.*

WHEN learned *Travers* reads m'illit'rate Lines,  
How rude's their Stile, how dull my low De-  
signs.

As sparkling Stars their feeble Lustre lose,  
When radian Sol his glorious Aspect shows;  
So the faint Light of my unpolish'd Lays,  
At great *Apollo's* Sight, sinks down, decays;  
Shrinks e'en to Nothing, 'till his burning Beams,  
Add Heat to the crude Matter of my Themes;  
Then, like *Antæus*, by each Fall I gain,  
'Till I am rank'd with the Heroic Train.  
Wou'd he but deign some Glimmerings to bestow,  
Of that great Blaze, which in his Works does glow;

Wou'd he but gild my Labours with those Rays,  
 Which *Ely's* Isle so eminently grace.  
 No snarling *Zoilus* would approach the Light,  
 Each Page would prove for his weak Eyes too bright.  
 Forbear, rash Mortal ! 'tis too vain a Thought,  
 That he should stoop to rectify each Fault,  
 Which his sound Judgment can, at once, descry,  
 And hide it from a cens'ring Critic's Eye.



*To Mr. Johnson, who kept some Papers  
 of Mr. Wyld's only lent to read.*

**I**ndulgent Mothers are not more distress'd,  
 For sucking Babes snatch'd from the tender Breast,  
 Than I, for the weak Labours of my Brain,  
 How shall my Soul th' tort'ring Loss sustain ?  
 Tho' rough's the Diction, unrefin'd each Thought,  
 Erroneous ev'ry Page, and wildly wrote :  
 Tho' Words with Words irregularly join,  
 I'd not be robb'd of one imperfect Line :  
 For those I mourn, as for your Son you'd fret ;  
 Forgive the Thought, no other Child I've yet.  
 But think, was *Bacchus* dearer in *Jove's* Eye,  
 Because he issu'd from that Part, the Thigh ;  
 Than *Pallas*, who sprung from his pregnant Head ?  
 'Tis what was never yet in Story read.

Then grieve me not, no longer be unkind,  
 But let me have the Labours of my Mind,



At Pleasure to peruse, the Product view,  
 And, viewing, bless the bounteous Hand of you;  
 Who'll make the polish'd Lock each Piece resign,  
 And, with Reluctance, yield it to be mine.

*The STILTS. A New Song.*

**B**USBY, forbear to chide the Child,  
 On *Stilts* for hazarding his Limbs;  
 His Soul is with Ambition fill'd,

And so with glorious Toil he climbs.

Or, if you'll say he plays the Fool,  
 To risque his Neck to raise his Head,  
 Call bouncing *Bob* into your School,  
 And *Will*, that waspish Rival Lad.

Bid them put on plain low heel'd Shoes,  
 To walk more steady, safe, and streight;  
 Alas ! 'tis very dangerous,  
 To venture on the Stilts of State.

*Epilogue to the Careless Husband, as  
 spoke by Mrs. Furnival.*

**I** Have heard some Bookish Friends of mine oft say,  
 When *Grecian* Bards exhibited a Play,  
 So bold the Satyre, since with Truth 'twas armed,  
 That the Spectators often were alarmed.

To hear their Names, from Actors Mouths proclaimed;  
 And publicly, for private Vices, named.  
 I'm thinking, shou'd this Practice come in Vogue;  
 How every Hypocrite, each secret Rogue,  
 Who swells, with thinking all his Vice unknown,  
 Would tofs and fume, when publish'd to the Town.  
 Lud! what pure News wou'd tickle each Coquet,  
 And, how the Characters expos'd, wou'd fret?  
 How would each wrinkled Prude, who rails at Plays,  
 And talks of Nothing, but our wicked Ways,  
 Drop all her Cavils, lest some saucy Creature,  
 Should tell how she had failed, urg'd on by Nature?  
*Athens*, of old, such Methods might require,  
 To stop the monstrous Growth of loose Desire;  
 And *London* too, in these our modern Days,  
 Might well be subject to the Satirist's Lays:  
 There, did not Fear the Poets Thoughts restrain,  
 This Practice might restore bright Virtue's Reign.  
 FOR K, fam'd for virtuous Wives, and modest Maids,  
 Has no Occasion for such desperate Aids;  
 Here babling Fame for once dares Truth declare,  
 Proclaims you virtuous, as it owns you fair:  
 Such Goodness, join'd to such transcendent Charms,  
 My grateful Breast, beyond Expression, warms.  
 I'll study every Art, and try each Way,  
 In some Degree, your Favours to repay;  
 And if, in this Attempt, I don't succeed,  
 You'll let the Will stand Proxy for the Deed.  
 Nor shall you, Gentlemen, neglected be,  
 But always find true Gratitude in me.

May the fair Nymphs, who claims your best Esteem,  
Attentive, listen to the pleasing Theme.

May you, like *Morelove*, bear a constant Mind,  
And find, at length, each Lady *Betty* kind.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Epilogue to the Lady's Last Stake, spoke  
by Lady Gentle, at Spalding.*

WHEN an Archangel shakes his vengeful Hand,  
To scatter Death o'er a devoted Land,  
At once he blasts not — All the vital Air,  
Ev'n yet gives Time for Penitence and Pray'r.  
But soon, and earnest, must the Change be wrought,  
Or Men, and Herds, imbibe the deadly Draught.  
Such must (dear Youth) the Reformation be,  
Tainted with the Itch of Play, in you, or me.  
Fatal Distemper ! Waster of our Time,  
Our Cash, our Credit, — And is this no Crime ?  
Can ill sprung Hopes retrieve a Reputation,  
Or Sin, for Fashion Sake, excuse a Nation ?  
Let my deluded Passiion for it show  
What Trains of Mischief may, unthought of, flow  
From the Abuse of what was but design'd,  
As an Amusement to relieve the Mind.  
Reverse to that, through Avarice, we destroy  
It's Peace, and, with our Money, stake our Joy.  
As ye wou'd 'scape the Plague ! avoid the Snare ;  
The Dragon shun — the Elephant beware.  
And all the Beasts of Prey more dangerous lurking  
there.

*On Miss Deborah singing.*

**T**HE hardy, stubborn Foe, at length,  
 By *Deborah* is captive led ;  
 Their Numbers, and their boasted Strength,  
 Are baffled by a tender Maid.  
 Her Wisdom, Youth, and Comeliness inspire  
 Her gallant Legions with exalted Fire.

Hark ! now the Conqueror does proclaim  
 Her Triumph in a lofty Song ;  
 O ! glorious Maid, what wond'rous Fame  
 Does to thy double Power belong !  
 The Warrior *Pallas* waits thee in the Field,  
 As Queen of Arts, then's in thy Notes beheld.

This Story's antient, but, behold !  
 It here is verified anew ;  
 A stubborn Foe to Love of old,  
 This potent Songster does subdue.  
 By a young beauteous *Deborah* he dies,  
 Whilst gay she sings the Triumph of her Eyes,

Have Mercy, O triumphant Fair,  
 Nor let your Scorn insult him now,  
 Who is repentant, and will ne'er  
 Desie again great Love, and you :  
 Be gen'rous, Victor Nymph, to heal his Wound,  
 And, smiling, sooth him, with some gracious Sound.

That Voice can order Health, and Joy,  
 Still to attend the happy Swain ;  
 Can make Despair fly far away,  
 With all her melancholly Train.  
 O ! mighty Music ! Mistress of the Spheres,  
 To whom the World itself Obedience bears.

When Nature shall grow old and weak,  
 And Sun, and Moon, and Earth decay,  
 'Tis Tune to Light shall bring them back,  
 And call up everlasting Day.  
 The Trump shall sound, and Music raise the Dead,  
 When Strength and Beauty endless Rounds shall tread.

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An EPIGRAM.

BELINDA has ten thousand Charms,
 'Tis Heaven to lie within her Arms :
 And she's so charitably given,
 She wishes all Mankind in Heaven.

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*An Essay on Beauty.*

**W**HAT shall ungrateful Bards refuse to praise  
 The Spring, whence flows the Sweetness of  
 their Lays ?

Were not the Muses fair, as well as wise,  
 The Pow'r of Verse Mankind wou'd soon despise :  
 Were not the tuneful Nine all over Charms,  
 We shou'd not fly so eager to their Arms,



The Poet's Honours all to these belong,  
 Their Charms alone do recommend his Song;  
 Were not his Songs the Dictates of the Fair,  
 His Songs wou'd be no Music to the Ear.  
 For when the God the Prophet's Thoughts inspires,  
 And kindles in his Breast prophetic Fires;  
 'Tis not the Expressions of a Priest which move,  
 But the great Dictates of the mighty *Jove*.

Whatever pleases, that we Beauty call,  
 The Soul is Beauty, Beauty's all in all;  
*Homer*, tho' blind, such dazling Charms displays,  
 As kindle round his Head immortal Rays;  
 Nor shall the sacred *Iliad* lie in Dust,  
 Whilst Beauties please, as sure they ever must.

Sweet Innocence! a chaste, and Heavenly Air,  
 And Virtue ever pleasing in the Fair;  
 Have winning Beauties, and unconquer'd Charms,  
 Which make us fly transported to their Arms;  
 Not envying Monarchs, whom bright Gems entwine,  
 Whilst we're encircled in their Arms divine.

And, shall we then bright Beauty's Power despise?  
 Which thus invites to be both good and wise;  
 Sure 'tis no Shame to own that Beauty's Charms,  
 Assault our Senses with resistless Arms:  
 Since Love unruly Passions does controul,  
 Expels the Beast, and polishes the Soul;  
 For, chain'd with Frost, the Waters lazy stand,  
 Nor give their Blessing to the thirsty Land,  
 Till gentle Beams descend, dissolve their Chain,  
 And bid 'em flow and feed the fruitful Plain.

Say, how can Time make Beauty's Glory fade?  
 It's Bloom how whiter, and it's Lustre shade,  
 Since *Helen's* Charms the Fate of *Troy* survive,  
 And, like the Sun, unfaded yet do live;  
 And, 'till the Lustre of that Sun decays,  
 Shall shine the potent Rival of his Rays;  
 Hence we conclude, that Beauty's Pow'rs compleat,  
 And Women placed in a superior State;  
 Since *Sappho's* Lays have gain'd an endless Name,  
 And *Caroline's* Virtues fill the Mouth of Fame.  
 Heav'n gave us Souls divine, and hence we know,  
 That nought can truly please but what is so;  
 Then Beauty's sure divine, whose powerful Rays  
 All different Faculties alike can please,  
 Fill all the Breast, and the whole Soul employ,  
 And sink the Senses in unfathom'd Joy.  
 For if in Beasts the Name of Beauty charms,  
 And bears in lifeless Things resistless Arms:  
 What, when an Elegance of Form we find,  
 With equal Beauties of a Soul combin'd,  
 What must it do? but thro' our Eyes betray  
 Reason, and steal our soft'ned Sense away?  
 So that Reflexion which the Sun does make  
 Upon the Chrystal Surface of the Lake,  
 Does only charm the Eye, but that true Light  
 Hung i'th' Sky confounds the dazled Sight.

Men are more eloquent than Women made,  
 But Women are more powerful to perswade;  
 Yet, say, my Muse, whence can their Power arise,  
 But from their Charms, and Eloquence of Eyes?

For if, against their Sex, one ought should say,  
 Dispute't but with their Eyes, they win the Day;  
 Use but those subtle Arguments which dart,  
 So strong from ev'ry Grace and beauteous Part,  
 They'll teach the Stoick his Affections too,  
 And draw the Cynick from his Tub to Woo;  
 For, could the Cynick rudely drive away  
 The World's great Lord, t'enjoy the Beams of Day,  
 Nor own in Beauty a superior Charm,  
 Which fires even Souls, whilst those but Bodies warm.

And tho' to Stoicks Heav'n applies in vain,  
 The Baits of Pleasure, and the Wounds of Pain,  
 Whilst his superior Sense and Mind dilate,  
 Looks down disdainful on th' Attempts of Fate,  
 Yet even his Virtue bids him not withstand  
 The Thunder flaming from *Jove's* mighty Hand.

If he to Thunder yield, he sure must own,  
 That Pow'r supreme which melts the Thunder down;  
 For *Jove* soon calms his Rage if *Venus* smile,  
 And Heaven it self becomes a *Cyprian* Isle.



### Quod quæris in Te est.

**A**mbition seeks for Happiness abroad;  
 But lofty Views o'erlook the ready Road,  
 That leads unto Content; in vain we roam  
 For Pleasures which still make the Heart their Home.  
 Secure, my Passions kept in Peace, I reign  
 Over my self; nor envy *George* his Train.  
*George*, good, and great, can't greater say than this,  
 Behold! my Mind to me a Kingdom is.

*On the Queen's Sickness.*

**G**RACIOUS Disposer of all worldly Things,  
Thou Lord of Lords, thou King Supreme of  
Kings,

From whom all Empires must their Fate receive,

By whom all Monarchs reign, by whom they live,

From thy lov'd Seat of Mercy, deign to hear

(And oh! in Pity grant) a Nation's Pray'r,

Thou with a Queen did'st *Britain's* Bliss ordain;

Bless *Britain* still, and still extend her Reign;

Let her yet longer wait the Crown of Heaven,

And late arrive at Joys most surely given:

May in this Pray'r no impious Zeal be shewn,

Less offer'd for her Interest, than our own:

For thou hast bid us ask for A L L we want —

— Spare then our Monarch, nor yet claim thy Saint: —

Against her Will, her Joys a while suspend,

To Thousands thus thy Mercy shall extend:

By Death to her alone a Joy you give,

Whole Nations by her Life will Joy receive.

~~~~~

*A Copy of Verses on her late Majesty
Queen Caroline.*

PENSIVE in Shades *Britannia's* Genius sat,

And mourn'd her fav'rite Isles approaching Fate,

Since they too soon must lose the Part divine,

Of her who caus'd their Joys, great *Caroline*.

Swell'd with Poetic Grief the Goddess spoke,
 And thro' deep Sighs her mournful Silence broke,
 Now, *Britons*, now! the Sable Curtain draws,
 Too soon the Worth you'll know of what you lose;
 She who adorn'd each Part of human Life,
 With just Applause, as Queen, as Mother, Wife;
 Whom jarring Factions enviously admir'd,
 Whose Virtues every Soul with Duty fir'd,
 No more receives the Tribute of your Praise,
 But now, unconscious of the Poet's Lays,
 In drowzy Death's Embraces cold she lies,
 Unhear'd by Wishes, and unwarm'd by Sighs.
 But, tho' Fate's hard Decree has robb'd us here,
 Of what each Friend to Liberty thought dear,
 Her better Part to happier Climates gone,
 Has chang'd an Earthly for an Heavenly Throne.
 May Faction droop, may groundless Discords cease,
 And *George's* Reign be crown'd with endless Peace;
 And may the sole Dispute 'mongst *Britons* be,
 To strive who most excells in Loyalty.

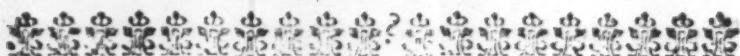


To the Arch-Deacon.

UNDER the Sun is Nothing new;
 Nothing, if *Solomon* says true.
 Arch-deacon, you'll excuse me then,
 If I to Day should not be seen,
 Amidst the goodly Row of Friends,
 Which on your Reverence attends,

To hail you happy in this New Year,
 Wishing it full of Health and Cheer :
 But lo ! Sir, Compliments apart,
 My Muse shall greet you from her Heart,
 Through many good old Years, O ! may
 Your present Temper not decay !
 That Temper, which denoteth plain,
 A Mind, and Body free from Pain,
 And, can my Wishes not succeed ?
 They must, if Sages have decreed
 Aright in their Philosophy,
 Who thus of Nature all agree,
 That as by Envy's evil Eye,
 The hated Wretch may blasted die ;
 So he, whose Riches are bestow'd
 In constant Offices of Good ;
 In giving to the Fatherless,
 And Widow, Food, and Chearfulness,
 By blessed Sympathy shall share
 The Strength renew'd of them and her,
 A Wish of Health, for such a Man
 Wou'd be superfluous and vain ;
 For fair Abundance freely will,
 By just Account, his Coffers fill ;
 Who lends so much unto the Lord,
 To be with Interest high restor'd.
 When you must pay the only Debt,
 Was e'er demanded of you yet,
 May a good gentle Hundred Year,
 Commit you safely to the Bier ;

Whilst your white Locks will seem to be
 But Bloſſoms of the Myſtic Tree,
 Of Life eternal, which ſhall ſpread
 Up to the Sky its glorious Head :
 Where none but youthful Years attend,
 And, now Farewel, my Heavenly Friend.



An *EPILOGUE*, by Way of Thanks,
 humbly addreſſed to all my worthy
 Subſcribers, by Gentlemen and La-
 dies, your moſt obedient, and moſt
 humble Servant, J. O. S. TARRON.

*A*S ſome poor Traveller, at Cloſe of Day,
 Thro' dreary Paths, purſues th' uncertain Way ;
 Now hopes, now fears, his Breſt alternate move,
 To meet with Reſt, or unknown Dangers prove,
 'Till ſome unhop'd for Light attracts his Eyes,
 And fills his anxious Soul with great Surprize ;
 So I, by Fate's dark Frowns, on Fortune toſt,
 To hope ; to all but black Deſpair quite loſt ;
 Have felt the Warmth of your reſreſhing Light,
 Which, like the Sun, has chear'd my gloomy Night.
 May Gratitude my future Steps direct,
 My Joy ſhall be to pleaſe, while you protect ;
 And tho' my Power, that Labour to purſue,
 Shou'd prove too weak, Experience makes it true,
 A kind Indulgence I may hope from You.

F I N I S.



